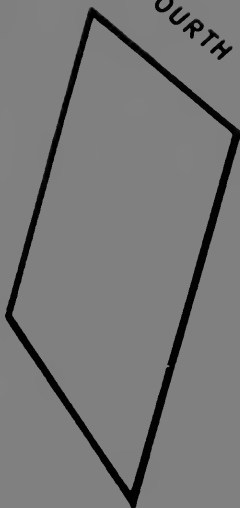


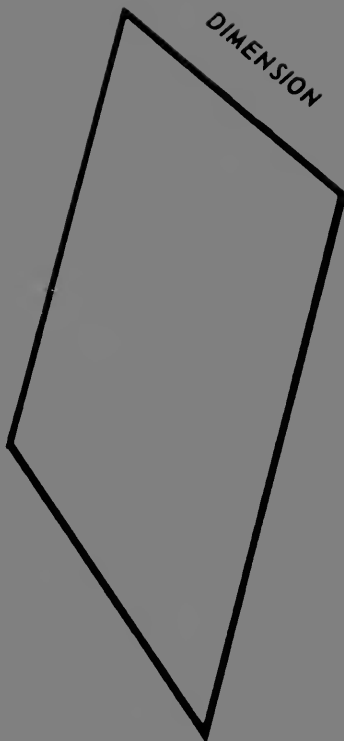
THE

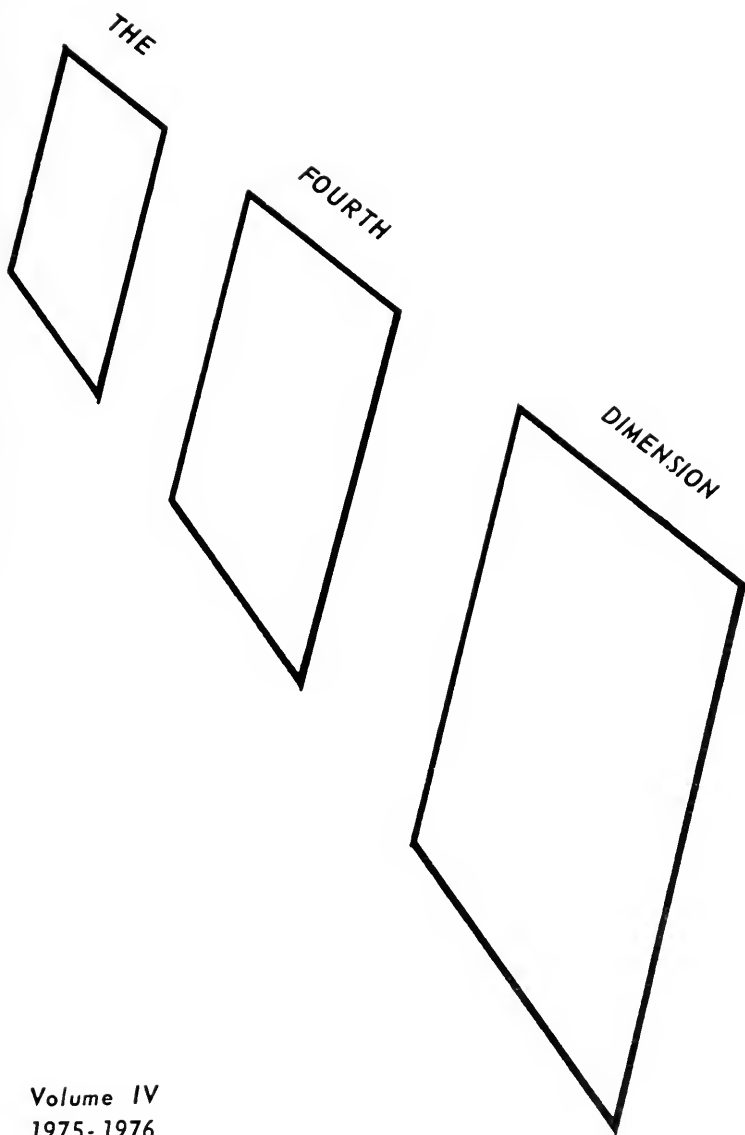


FOURTH



DIMENSION





Volume IV
1975-1976

OUR PATRONS

A friend
J.M. Arnold-Forster
Mrs. H. Antony
Edward M. Ballon
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Barker
John J. Berton
Richard Blundeli
Emmanuel A. Borromeo
Mr. and Mrs. N.P. Brady
Shane Brady
J.B. Brydon
G.C. Ian Burgess
Mrs. G.C. Ian Burgess
Mrs. L. Burnham
Lucas Cefis
B.F. Clarke
The Clarke Family
Class of 9 B
Anonymous
Mark Davidson
Daniel D. Dydzak
R. Derek Frost
Gerry Gosselin
Richard A. Gouveia
Diana B. Green
John L. Hall
Byron Harker
E.A. Hetherington
Mrs. J.H.L. Hetherington
Dane Leigh Hopson
Mr. and Mrs. V.J. Housez
A. Hreno
D.B. Hyder
James E. Iversen
Ganière Jean
The Rev'd Canon J.G. Kohner
A.D. Kydoniefs
Mr. and Mrs. Theodore D. Lance
Simon Lane
Mr. and Mrs. E. Leclair
Ted Littler
Philip Litvock
A friend

Mr. and Mrs. O.R. Macklem
 John and Judith Mappin
 Kerry Martin
 Louise Martin - Cote
 Luis Martinez
 Will Matthews
 Mr. and Mrs. Gordon McGilton
 Dr. and Mrs. Peter H. Nash
 Dr. and Mrs. Peter Z. Neumann
 D.G. Osmond
 Alex Patch
 J.B. Pitblado
 Ronald Poole
 Brian W. Porter
 Mr. H.H.L. Pratley
 P.E. Prescesky
 Warren Reid
 Paul Remillard
 Mordecai Richler
 John A. Rolland
 Edmund P. Rossy
 Claude Sauviat
 Leigh I. Seville
 Robert G. Small
 Mrs. Robert G. Small
 Mr. and Mrs. W. Smeaton
 Iain Sneddon
 Mr. and Mrs. William Sofin
 Ian A. Soutar
 B.S. Stevens
 Mrs. D. Tingley
 Mr. and Mrs. John S. Trott
 and family
 A.S. Troubetzkoy
 Trustees of the S B fund
 Elisabeth Walker
 Alain Weber
 Sheilagh Whitehead
 Anne Johnston Williams
 Barry J. Williams
 H.B. Williams
 Old friends
 Mr. and Mrs. L.C. Zarifi
 W.J. Zitzmann

PREFACE

*They do not
realize
the process;*

*they do not
realize
the process*

*is
as vital
as the quest.*

Black Lunacy

Glancing through my files of clippings, I was attracted by these captions: "Illiteracy Rate High," "Whatever Happened to the Three R's?" and "University Staff Condemns . . . Weak English Skills."

I reflected upon these and the numerous other articles appearing beneath similar headings, and observed that, invariably, they present indictments of reading and writing as it is taught in the schools across the country. Each writer attempts to explain why literacy is declining. Most critics blame television, the surrogate parent, for creating a world devoid of communication. Although children do absorb a great amount of visual data, it is information which is non-verbal and plot-oriented, and conversation is directed at people and does not foster an environment which affords the opportunity to converse with others. In this context, words tend to be labels – symbols which merely denote objects. Furthermore, these critics argue that television, because of its emphasis upon denotation, leads children to be label readers and to talk and to write "television." They see this hypnotic eye dominate solitude and numb the mind to the point at which it is incapable of reflecting upon or of developing ideas, but television alone cannot account for the weaknesses in children's reading and writing skills.

It may be the nature of society itself which has substituted quantity for quality. Today, speed of production is essential and children are sufficiently perceptive to realize that the demands of society are such that volume is equated with success. Many students, aware of this aspect of life, become disillusioned and see little or no reason for the hard work and involvement demanded by the processes of serious reading and effective writing. "What purpose does it serve?" they ask; and finding, in their world, little practical value for the energy required, they learn to do what is required "to get by" – an attitude which leads, obviously, to laziness and to finding the means (the easiest possible means) of producing products which are adequate, but by no

means, exceptional. The art, the craft, is lost, and it difficult, if not impossible, to explain that there is as much satisfaction in the process as there is in the completion of a piece of work. A sense of what it means to shape, to control, and to discipline one's mind to produce something finely wrought is lost. The satisfaction of the solitary and arduous quest often does not exist; and language – the barometer of growth, of imagination, and of understanding – deteriorates.

We seek the easy way, the most economical way. Examinations, in the traditional sense, have virtually disappeared, and writing answers has been replaced by the "multiple guess" question. We further emphasize recognition rather than understanding and communication. If you recall enough facts, and can put the correct labels on them, you are successful; but this does not necessarily mean you can communicate what you know, in a coherent manner.

As I shuffled through lines of reasons for the child's inability to read and to write, I was very much involved in putting together this issue of ***The Fourth Dimension***. Although I was depressed by the general, public criticisms, I became exhilarated as I read and re-read the hundreds of pieces by over fifty per cent of our student population. Not every work was ideal, nor were they flawless; nevertheless, there was so much good material submitted that I wondered just how such work related to the terrifying excerpts published in the periodicals. Not one was as bad as those published as "typical" of the poor work generally found. Although some of the pieces were far from perfect, I felt that what I was working on was, indeed, sufficiently representative of a large portion of our student body to refute the negative views expressed by many journalists. I think that you, too, will be surprised at the ability to express thoughts and feelings; and perhaps, you may wonder, as I do, if the capacity to communicate well exists here, then it is likely to be much more universally present than we have been led to believe.

Ideas and feelings exist within each of us and they are generally chaotic until we try to impose an order. Through writing – a familiar exercise for most of us – we can sketch and order the chaos of impressions. By imposing logical structures, we are forced to face and organize what we face daily, and by recording the experiences, we are able to return to check the validity of what we think and feel, and perhaps, even to repair some of the errors made. It is a solitary process, one which is often anguishing as we attempt to analyze the problems confronting us, and as we try to articulate our solutions. The basis of the struggle is communication, clear and explicit, so that readers can see precisely the ideas and feelings present. To achieve clarity and force demands self-discipline for writing cannot be an erratic process if it is to be effective.

Now, as I speculate upon this, our fourth issue, I realize the hours which lead to the completion, and I know so many people must be acknowledged and thanked for their efforts. First, each boy who contributed must be congratulated. I think your work is its own reward; but your effort, your imagination, and your exploration are the major factors in the success of ***The Fourth***

Dimension. Second, I must thank the teachers for their support and for their patience in collecting, correcting, and proofreading the various pieces. Finally, I wish to extend a special thanks to each and every one of our patrons. Your support, in real, financial terms, is the only reason we have such a comprehensive and exciting issue.

G. C. Ian Burgess
Selwyn House School
March, 1976

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Selwyn House School

THE SUN

Hooray for the sun,
So warm it feels
You think you are a bun.
But alas,
When clouds come out,
The rain comes pouring down,
And the sun goes to bed.

Erik Blachford
Grade 3 A

RAIN

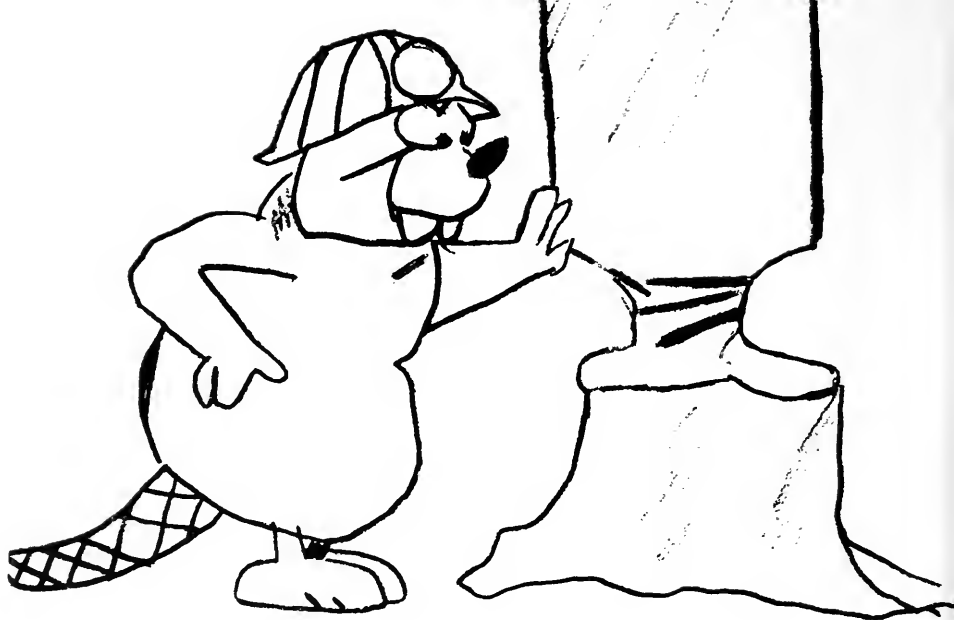
Watching the rain –
Pitter-patter goes the rain;
Bang, bang goes the thunder.
Sh- sh- sh- sh!
What was that?
Why, it's Thor getting very mad.
You can tell by the lights –
They're getting bigger and bigger.
Now, it's not pitter - patter;
It's clatter- shatter.

Adrian Barker
Grade 3 A

THE RAIN

The rain comes down,
From way up there.
How is rain made?
Nobody knows
Are the clouds its brothers?
Well, one thing is for sure,
It's not much fun
When you feel the rain
Coming down on you,
And hear the thunder roar,
And see the lightning flash

Erik Blachford
Grade 3 A



Derek Trott
Grade 6 A

THE DAY I CAUGHT MY FIRST FISH

One day, I put out to sea –
My sister, my brother, my dad and me.
Out in the middle, I caught my fish;
Watch out! Oh my! Oh please, don't squish!
That night, my mom cooked it up,
And then we had it for our sup.
After my supper, I went to bed
With powerful thoughts within my head.
A bee came in and tried to sting
While I wondered
What the next day would bring.

Thomas Hood
Grade 4 A

A DAY ON THE BEACH

I once spent a day on the beach,
When the dolphins were beginning to teach
My mother to swim,
But it suddenly turned grim,
When mommy fell out of reach.

Thomas Hood
Grade 4 A

EGG BEATER

An egg beater is
like two marathons
with four people
running in each.

Derek Eaton
Grade 4 B

AN EGG BEATER

An egg beater is like an army of men going around and around in circles.
It tries to fight with the eggs and flour, but seems to lose because a giant
hand creeps on the handle and breaks up the fight.

Peter Howard
Grade 4 B

AN EGG BEATER

An egg beater is like a man
With four legs spinning like a fan.
His legs spin and spin
Until he wins
His freedom.

Jonathan Burnham
Grade 4 B

DANCING MAIDENS

Here are ladies, young and fair,
Dancing in the summer air,
Who like to spin the wheels and play.
Pretty maidens dance away –
Dance the summer through to night,
Till the moon shines very bright.

Charles Black
Grade 4 A

AN EGG BEATER

An egg beater is
an acrobat who
spins like a top.

Simon Jones
Grade 4 B

A LIMERICK

I saw a lion one day –
Scared me to death, I dare say.
I tried to flee,
But instead he
Saw his shadow and ran away.

Rex Chung
Grade 4 B

A DICTIONARY

A dictionary is
a teacher who
helps you learn about words
which you do not forget.

Simon Jones
Grade 4 B

A WINDOW

A window teaches you,
like a teacher,
about the world.

Simon Jones
Grade 4 B

SPEED

Racing cars, racing cars,
Speeding along the track.
Swifter than a bullet,
Faster than the wind.
I won! I won!
I won the race.

Matthew Nadler
Grade 2

PICKET FENCE

A picket fence is
a lot of guards
who won't let you in.

Derek Eaton
Grade 4 B

A LADDER

A ladder is
like a thin man
who helps you climb.

Simon Jones
Grade 4 B

A BRIDGE

A bridge is an overgrown person
who makes himself into an arch
so cars can run over.

Jonathan Burnham
Grade 4 B

BONJOUR

Bonjour bonjour
Bonjour toujours
Bonjours à la nuit
Bonjours aujourd ' hui
Bonjour Bonjour Bonjour

Michael Stevenson
Grade 4 A

LES CHOSES QUE J'AIME

J'aime le vin.
J'aime le pain.
J'aime les bonbons.
Tous sont très bon.

Jonathan Burnham
Grade 4 B

L'OURS ET L'ORANGE

Un ours voit une orange.
Il est tenté de la manger;
Il l'ouvre et dedans
C'est très, très juteux.
Elle est toute orange.
Il la mange
Et il dit: "C'est délicieux."

Jonathan Burnham
Grade 4 B

LES TROIS MONSTRES

Le premier monstre est venu chez moi.
Le deuxième est allé sur le toit manger du bois.
Le troisième a craqué des noix.

Ian Ogilvie
Grade 4 B

A STREAM

There's a stream;
Its waters are nice and clean;
Its fishes make fourteen wishes
That their fathers will come home;
Then their mothers
Give them something to eat.
Now, someone knocks at our door;
It's father, Hooray!

Dimitri Kydoniefs
Grade 3 A

A STREAM

A stream rushes here and there. It goes down hills, and under them. In snow time, it goes under the ice. When a stream meets with rapids, it whirls and swirls and never stops until it meets another stream and then it stops.

Adrian Barker
Grade 3 A

THE STREAM

The stream is nice.
I feel the fresh water running.
As clean as a beam on a beam.
The waters come and go like the wind.
I feel like jumping into the fresh, clean water.
It's late; I must go home.
But tomorrow will come,
And joy will come too.
And I shall jump into the stream
And feel the water smooth or ripply
And the force of the stream

Francis Borromeo
Grade 3 A

TIMY ET LE FAON

Une fois un garçon qui s'appelait Timy a demandé à son papa s'il pouvait aller dans la forêt. Son papa lui a dit oui et ils sont allés à la forêt. Là dans les buissons ils ont trouvé un petit faon couché dans l'herbe. Timy lui a donné un morceau de pain et ils sont devenus de bons amis.

Christophe Ganière
Grade 4 A

LA PEUR

Un soir dans ma chambre, je dormais. Tout à coup je vis une ombre, C'était un assassin. Il rentra dans ma chambre, sortit son couteau et me l'enfonça dans le coeur. Je bondis de mon lit et je fonça dans la chambre de ma mère.

J'ai crié, "Maman, un voleur m'a assassiné."

"Mais non, voyons c'est simplement un cauchemar. Bois de l'eau et te coucher," répondit ma mère.

Fenton Aylmer
Grade 4 B

MONEY TREE TALE

Once upon a time, there was a money tree. The family who owned the tree was very rich. The boy who was in the family could have anything he wanted. He was very lucky. Then the money tree died, and the boy was very sad.

James Von Moltke
Grade 1

LOTS OF MONEY

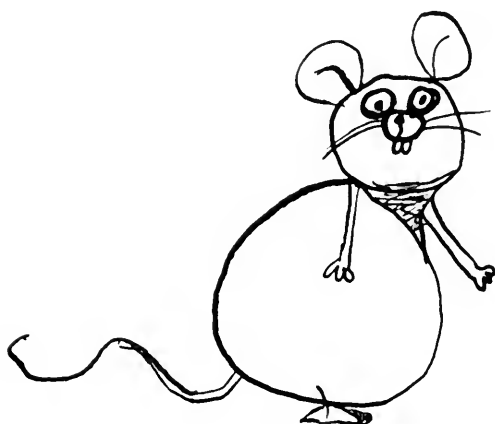
Once upon a time, there was a money tree and everyone liked this tree. The money tree liked everyone too. One day, a little boy came along and said, "I love money and I am going to take all the money off." So he did and he grew up to be a millionaire.

William Tinmouth
Grade 1

THE PACK RAT AND THE GOLD MINER

The old gold miner sighed. So far, all he had found was one gold nugget. He decided to go to sleep; but to his surprise when he woke up, his pipe was missing. Then, he saw a shining rock. At first, he thought his eyes were playing tricks. Then he stared at it and saw it was gold. "YA-HOO! GOLD! GOLD!" he shouted. "I'M RICH! I'M RICH!" Then, some desert bandits who had heard him came and killed him and took what he had collected and ran.

Douglas Green
Grade 3 B



Nicholas Briski
Grade 6 B

THE MINER

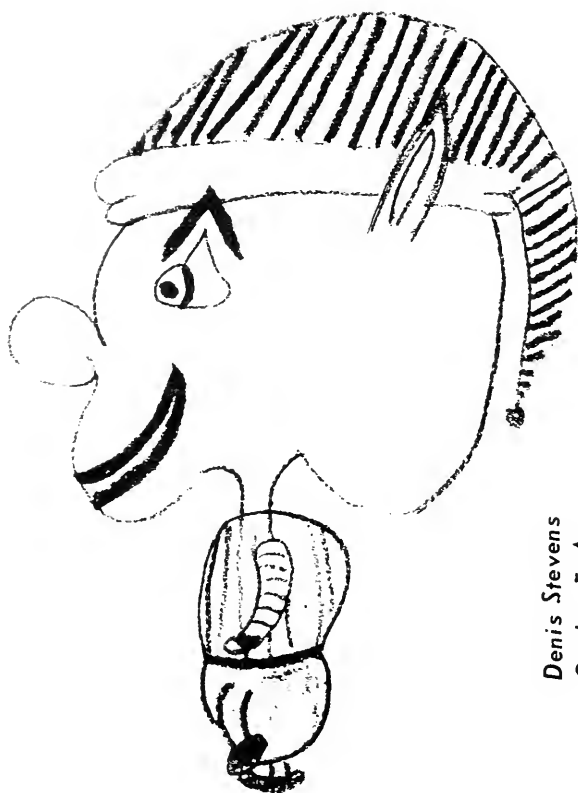
Once upon a time, there was a miner and he fell asleep and a little pack rat came and took his pipe and left some gold. When the man woke up, he said, "I thought I saw a piece of gold." Then he found the gold and he became rich.

William Black
Grade 2

GOLD

A long time ago, there were men digging for gold. When the Indians found out the men were digging for gold, they hanged and killed the men.

Andrew Hall
Grade 2



Denis Stevens
Grade 5 A

BUD AND MUD

Once upon a time there were two people named Bud and Mud. They were Australian. They flew to a lollipop station. They got out of the airplane and got into a candy car. They drove to their gumdrop house. They decided to have a drink of caramel. Then they went to bed. The next day, they got out of bed and had breakfast and looked at the mail. To their surprise there was a letter from their grandmother. It also had a ticket. This is what it said: admit two, around the world, one way. They drove to the airport and boarded an airplane and flew off to Europe.

Christopher Pratley
Grade 2

MACK AND TOSH

Once there were two funny men. Their names were Mack and Tosh. Mack liked to go fishing and Tosh liked to swim. Tosh liked swimming so much that he did it every day. Mack liked driving cars and boats. One thing they did all the time was eat and eat and eat. They ate hot dogs and drank Sprite. They played ball in the water; and after, they rowed the boat down the lake.

Adam Soutar

Grade 2

SILVER

Silver is the colour kings like best.
It usually appears in the treasure chest.
It glows and gleams in a beautiful way.
It is the colour that makes everyone stay.

Simon Jones

Grade 4 B

BRONZE

Bronze is the metal
Whose colour will settle
In the middle of a stone.

Jonathan Burnham

Grade 4 B

GRAY

Gray is the feeling,
When you're nøy gay.
Gray is the sound
That makes you cry.
Gray is the colour
That makes the miserable sigh.
Gray is sad;
Gray is the feeling that regrets your madness.

Jonathan Burnham

Grade 4 B

WHITE

White as the snow
which you can throw;
White as the clouds
which are made of air,
which you wouldn't notice
if you were there.

Ian Ogilvie
Grade 4 B

WHITE

White is the cage of night.
White is like a snow flake falling;
White is as white as the dark night's height.

Nicholas Von Moltke
Grade 4 B

WHITE

White is the colour of bright, new snow;
White is a colour of cookie dough.

Michael Mc Kim
Grade 4 B

WHAT IS BLACK?

The night is black;
It might give you a fright;
But it is black, just like a railroad track.
Black is a blazer
As sharp as a razor;
But most of all, black is space,
Just like my little, dirty face.

Bruce Brydon
Grade 4 A

BLACK

Black is the colour of a Cadillac
Which the presidents
Ride up to their residence.

Adam Bandeen
Grade 4 B

BLACK

Black is a path you walk
in death and you bless God.
Black is a sack
you wear on your back.
It is very heavy
and hard to keep steady
Black is dark and that is that.

Gaelan O'Donnell
Grade 4 B

YELLOW AND GREEN

Yellow is the colour
You will find with green
Down in a meadow
Or up near a stream.

Jonathan Burnham
Grade 4 B

WHAT IS GREEN ?

Green is strong, green is great!
Green is the colour that nobody hates.
Green is king. It's no thing
But it's no ding- a- ling.
Green is mean and nice;
It's thick – not anything like rice.
Green is seen
To make the scene.
Green's got style; green's got class.
I know it's going to pass.
Green is brass, bolder than grass!

Green is . . . No, I'm wrong! it's everything.

Iain Sneddon
Grade 4 A

WHAT IS GREEN ?

Green is a colour that everyone can see;
Green is a colour over the sea.
Green is a colour that sits on a branch;
Green is a colour that horses eat at a ranch.

Michael Mc Kim
Grade 4 B

GREEN

Green is a blade of grass swaying in the wind;
Green is a Martian from the sky;
Green is a colour of the rainbow of the sky.

Simon Jones
Grade 4 B

GREEN

Green is a bean bag
Or a green cab.
Green is just like blue –
You could say that too.
A bath tub could be green
Except some boys just don't like to get clean.
Green could be very, very clean
Except you can't be sure of an old, old bean.
Green is a colour that should always last.
Green is a boat that has a green mast.
Green is the colour of a Martian from the sky.
To stop a Martian you must give it a pie.

Glen Freedman
Grade 4 B

WHAT IS GREEN?

Green is the grass
on a spring day.
Green are the trees
as they sway.
Green is a cucumber
which has no number.
Green is the smell
of sunlight shining in.
Green is the smell
of apples in a bin.
Green is the colour
that comes after yellow
which comes after red
on a traffic signal.
Green is nice;
it reminds me of rice
which we ate
yesterday, very late.

Thomas Hood
Grade 4 A

BLUE

Blue is the colour of the sky,
The colour of a blueberry pie.
Blue is the colour of the sea
And not the colour of tea.

Adam Bandeen
Grade 4 B

BLUE

Blue is my eye.
Blue is the sky.
Blue is a pot.
Blue is hot.
Blue is cold.
Blue is bold.
Blue is sold
More than gold.
Blue is all I like –
Better than my brand new bike.
Of course, it's blue too;
Maybe I should have a blue zoo.

Derek Eaton
Grade 4 B

BLUE

Blue is as blue as a blueberry pie –
as blue as a day's sky,
as blue as the lines on a sheet of paper.

Nicholas Von Moltke
Grade 4 B

WHAT IS RED?

Red is red
As red as your bed.
Red smells like a rose
Doing a pose.
Red is like a fire
From a dragon.
It rises higher
Than a waggon
On a jump
Going over a bump.
Red is like an elastic band
That you are holding in your hand.
Red is a heart;
It really is quite smart.
So when I go to bed,
I dream about red.

Scott Littler
Grade 4 A

RED

Red is your lips eating chips;
Red is the bed I like at night

Gaelan O'Donnell
Grade 4 B

GOLD

Gold is the colour which dazzles everyone;
It is like the colour of the sun.
It takes its special part in the rainbow.
It gleams, it glistens in every way.

Simon Jones
Grade 4 B

WHAT IS ORANGE?

Orange is the colour I like the best;
I think it is better than the rest.
Orange is the colour of fire
That burned up my father's tire.
Orange is the colour of a carrot;
Eating that orange thing is a parrot.
Orange is the colour of a fox
That I caught in a big, big box.

James Soutar
Grade 4 A

WHAT IS YELLOW?

Yellow is a candle shining brightly;
Yellow is a candle that goes to sleep nightly.
Yellow is a lemon – very, very sour;
Yellow is a clock which ticks by the hour.

Charles Black
Grade 4 A

YELLOW

Yellow bellows when it calls.
Yellow is a mouse eating cheese,
Or the colour of my class room walls.

Nicholas Von Moltke
Grade 4 B

YELLOW

Yellow is the colour of a famous jello.
Yellow is the colour of hay
Which the fat cow ate today.

Adam Bandeen
Grade 4 B

YELLOW

Yellow is the colour of the sun,
When it shines, we have lots of fun.
Yellow is the colour of the moon;
It appears and disappears much too soon.
Yellow is the colour of the sand;
When it's picked, it tickles the hand.
Yellow is the colour of daffodils
Which grow by the lakes and the hills.
Yellow is the colour of the bees
That fly around with ease.
But of all the things I like best
It is a yellow canary in its nest.

Sean Scensor
Grade 4 A

LOST IN CANDY FOREST

One day I was walking through Candy Forest, but I didn't know it, so I kept on walking and out of nowhere came some Bazooka bubble gum and whumped me until I ran away. And after walking all that way I was thirsty, so I looked for a stream and I found one. I ran and took a drink and while I was having a drink, out of the stream popped a jelly tart and stung me and I dove back in. I was bleeding a little so I washed my face. After that I walked and walked and walked. Suddenly, out of a tree popped a Smartie. It buzzed around my head, and I didn't know if it would sting me, whomp me, or bite me, so I ran one way and then another way, but it kept on buzzing around my head. I didn't know what to do so I just stood still with fright. It pinched me and went away. That pinch hurt so much that I ran so fast that I found my way out by accident. Once I was out of the forest, I could find my way home.

Kirk Russell

Grade 3 B

LOST IN CANDY FOREST

When I was walking in the forest, I lost my way and I fell into a hole. Then I was bitten and banged on the head by a lollipop. Then an army of candy from each side attacked me.

Julian Gazdik

Grade 3 B

LOST IN CANDY FOREST

Once, I was in bed at mid-night. A Smartie came and stung me; then, five minutes later, a bar came and pinched me. The next day, my Mother put some baking soda on the place where the Smartie and the bar stung me. After breakfast, I went outside and then I ran into the forest. I wanted to go to my friend's house in the forest but I forgot the way. Then, I got lost and Smartie and the bars and lollipops stung me. Suddenly, I saw a house with cookies and candies, but it was a witch's house. When I started eating the cookies, a witch came out and asked me if I wanted some cookies. I said, "Yes." Then the witch said, "don't eat the cookies from the house. I have plenty in the house." Then I went in and sat down at the kitchen table and she gave me some cookies and some juice. It was a friendly witch.

Andrew Zitzmann

Grade 3 B

ADVENTURES IN CANDYLAND

Last night, I dreamed I was in Candyland, looking for my sister who had been taken by a Hallowe'en witch to Peanut Brittle House. I was standing in front of Candy Cane Forest now. When I got to the end of the forest, I had to climb up Gum Drop Mountain. Half way up, I was attacked by bats, so I hid in Cherry Blossom Cave. After a while, I came out of the cave and finished climbing Gum Drop Mountain, I found myself standing in front of Candy Cotton Valley, so I started to walk through the valley. About half way through, I found Peanut Brittle House; but to reach it, I first had to cross Molasses Swamp. I crossed Molasses Swamp on a popsicle. Once I had got to the other side, I freed my sister from the Hallowe'en witch and we went back home.

Adrian Barker
Grade 3 A

LOST IN CANDY LAND

Once I went very far and I got lost in Candy Land. Some Smarties were stinging me. Then some big chocolates with wings scared me because I thought they were bats. After a few seconds, a long chocolate bar scared me because I thought it was a snake. "What a mystery!" I thought. After, there was a house. I went in. Then some Smarties buzzed me and chased me away. After that, I went home and told my parents what had happened.

Tony Smurov
Grade 3 B

LOST IN CANDY MOUNTAIN

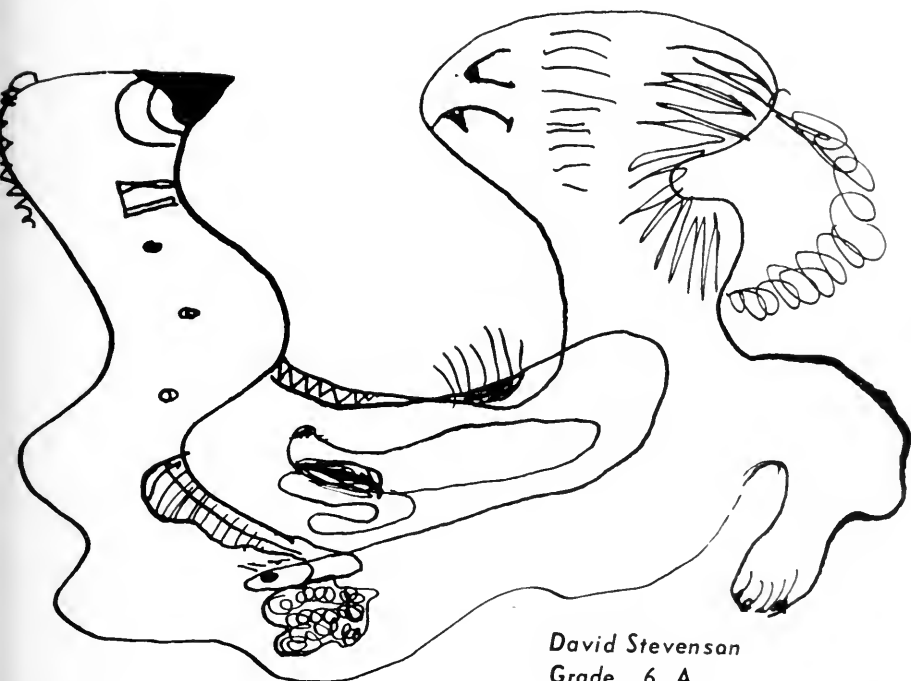
Once upon a time, I was walking down Cortleigh Boulevard, and all of a sudden, all the houses and the street changed into a great big candy mountain with me right on top! For two years, I lived on candy three times a day! Then, one day, this traveller came to see Cortleigh Boulevard and found it a big candy mountain. So he decided to climb it. When he got to the top, he met me, and we lived for one year with the Smarties stinging us and living on candies. Then we climbed down.

Douglas Green
Grade 3 B

LOST IN CANDY DESERT

One day, I was riding through Candy Desert and I had wandered off the main road. Then I realized I was lost. Within an hour, I had gone further into the desert. Soon, it was dark; and by mistake I was bitten by a packet of Bazooka bubble gum. I was plumb near chewing all night. The next day, I was left still chewing. While the sun was rising, I set out on Charlie Opel, my horse. Soon, I stopped chewing and blowing bubbles from my previous bite by a packet of Bazooka bubble gum. I was very thirsty, but finally, I saw some water and I washed my face and hands. I filled my canteen and I was on my way again – back to the main road. It was not long before I was bitten by another candy – this time, a Marathon bar, and it says on television that no one eats a Marathon bar quickly. The next day, I travelled two miles north, and suddenly, I was home again. I was welcomed and was told that it was my birthday. I was nine years old.

Guy Wallace
Grade 3 B



David Stevenson
Grade 6 A

HOW THE SKUNK GOT A WHITE STRIPE

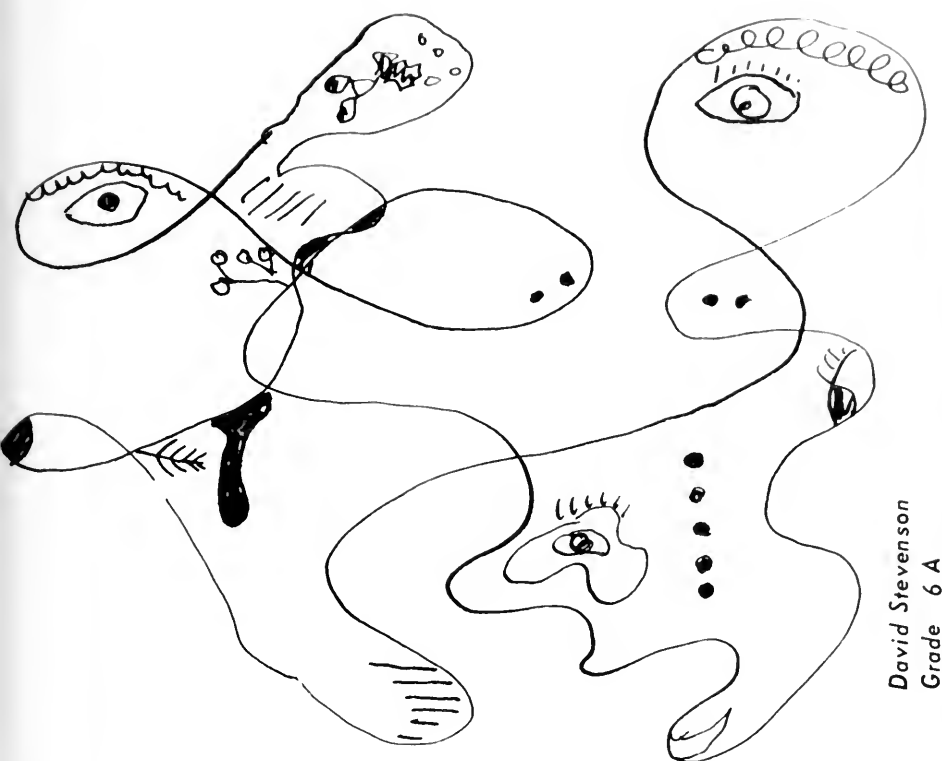
About a hundred years ago, there lived a skunk named Gubber. He walked into a paint factory and wanted to play. But everybody ran away as fast as they could so Gubber started to play and play. Then his friend walked inside and dared him to walk on top of some open paint cans. So he started to walk on the cans and fell in one and he got all the paint off except on his back. And that's how the skunk got his stripe.

Thomas Antony

Grade 4 A



Iain Brydon
Grade 6 B



David Stevenson
Grade 6 A

THE SEA

The sea is so beautiful because the shining sun glitters on the water so peacefully. Sometimes, the sea is so rough on ships; and sometimes, the sea is so lonely the waves seem to be as sad as a fly. But the sea is always happy because the soft wind is happy too – except at the Bermuda Triangle where ships and planes disappear.

A LA MER

I

Je vais à la mer
Avec mon père
Je prends un bain
Et je mange du pain.

II

Je vais nager
Après nager il faut manger
Après souper c'est très tard
Parce que c'est presque neuf heures
Moin quart!

Geoffrey Adams
Grade 4 B

OCEAN

When you touch the ocean, it feels wet. When you squeeze the water, it splashes all over. When you taste the ocean water, it tastes salty. When you swim in the ocean, it is very, very cold. It's so cold that when I went in I came running out. When we went home, I told everything to my Dad.

Tarek Razek
Grade 3 A

THE INTRUDER

One Saturday, I saw some children sitting beside the fire – fast asleep. I crawled up slowly and ate some of their hot dogs. They were delicious and I put some hot mustard on them. “OUCH!”

Everyone woke up and shouted, “A SKUNK!” A boy tried to chase me into the woods and I sprayed him. “That junk stinks,” he said.

“That should teach him a lesson,” I said and then ran away.

Philippe Kristof
Grade 4 B

THE UNEXPECTED GUEST

It was the last day of our cub camp for which we had all been waiting. That night, we roasted hot dogs over a camp fire and sang songs. I ate more hot dogs than anybody else. We were all having a great time. The campfire, with all the hot dogs roasting, smelled nice.

Suddenly, we noticed the most peculiar smell. First, we thought a hot dog was rotten, so we smelled them, but nothing was wrong with them. Then we started smelling each others but none smelled bad. The good smell from the fire had gone. Our hands automatically blocked our noses. Every minute, the smell was stronger; and after five minutes, it was so bad that everybody started to disappear. After a short while, I was the only one left at the site, but I was determined to find out where it came from. I kept walking around the campfire sniffing everything. I couldn't go very far because I had no flashlight and the firelight was very dim. Suddenly, I saw the food container move. I went to it and lifted it; and to my surprise, I saw a skunk! I ran to my tent; but by then, I was smelling so badly that the others threw me out.

Then I remembered a television show I had seen and knew that I had to bathe in tomato juice. So I ran to the kitchen; but before I could ask for it, I saw the chef followed by his helpers run from the door. On the counter were several glasses of tomato juice. I quickly emptied them into a large bowl and headed toward the showers. I rubbed the juice on myself and felt like a rotten tomato. Then I turned on the shower and washed the juice off; I felt much relieved. Then I joined the others and told them what had happened and they all laughed.

This experience with the skunk was the greatest of my life

Sean Scensor
Grade 4 A

DINOSAURS

Once upon a time, there was a very big dinosaur and a very small dinosaur. The big dinosaur always fought with the small dinosaur. One day, the big dinosaur won.

Tommy Schopflocker
Grade 1

THE ELEPHANTS

Once upon a time, there were two elephants. Their names were Jake and Chris and they lived in a tree. One day, Jake said, "Let's have something to eat." So they went into the kitchen, but there wasn't anything to eat so they got on their coats and boots and went outside to catch a bull. When they caught the bull, they set the table and sat down and ate.

Peter Hallward

Grade 2

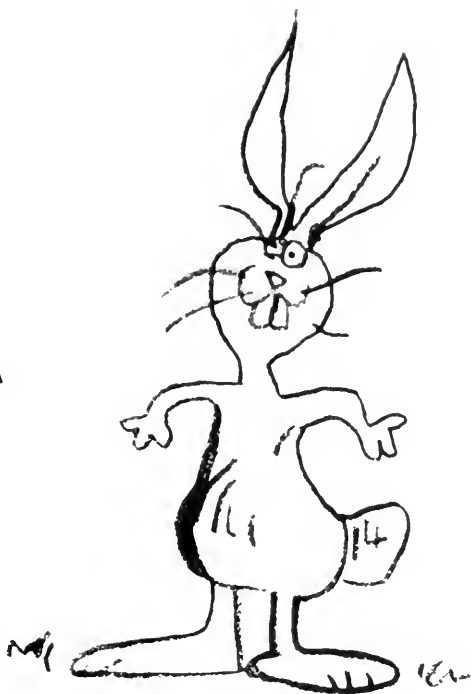


Archie Rolland
Grade 6 B

RABBITS

Rabbits feel really fuzzy;
They also feel wuzzy.
They also look furry
And when they get into burrs
They feel burry.
They hop around alot
And then they stop.

Sean Sofin
Grade 3 A



Chris Eberts
Grade 5 A

ADVENTURES OF A FIRE ENGINE

Hello, my name is Freddie the Fire Engine! My name is um-m-m-m-m-, well, let's get on with the story.

One day, the bell rang and everybody climbed aboard me. When we were half way to the fire, I forgot where we were going; then, I remembered. We must have been going to the school because the school bell had rung.

Sean Sofin
Grade 3 A

ADVENTURE OF A CHESTNUT

My life began when I was a very small conker and was hanging on a tree. Two weeks later, I was a big conker and my weight made me fall to the ground. Then somebody picked me up and opened me. There I was – shiny and beautiful. He brought me home and made a hole in me. Then followed a string. The next day, he brought me to school; at recess, he said, "Do you want a fight?" And the other person said, "First shot!" They played for about two minutes and then I started to crack. The next shot broke me; my life had ended.

Simon Jones

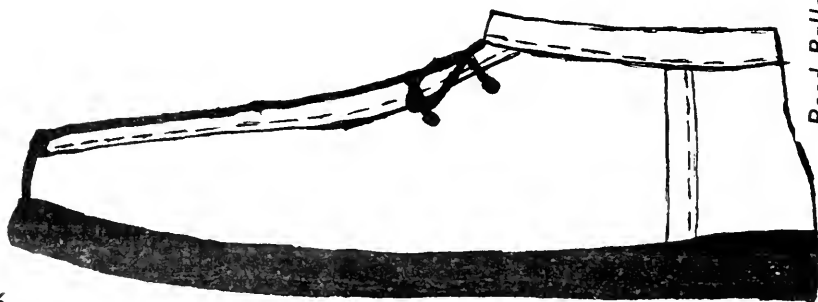
Grade 4 B

SHOES

Shoes are squeaky – old and new, big and small in all colours. Girls, when they have squeaky shoes, think there is a mouse. Shoes are made of leather and of cloth. Some are thick; some are thin. Some are soft; some are very hard.

Iain Gainov

Grade 3 A



Reed Ballon
Grade 6 A

THE RACE

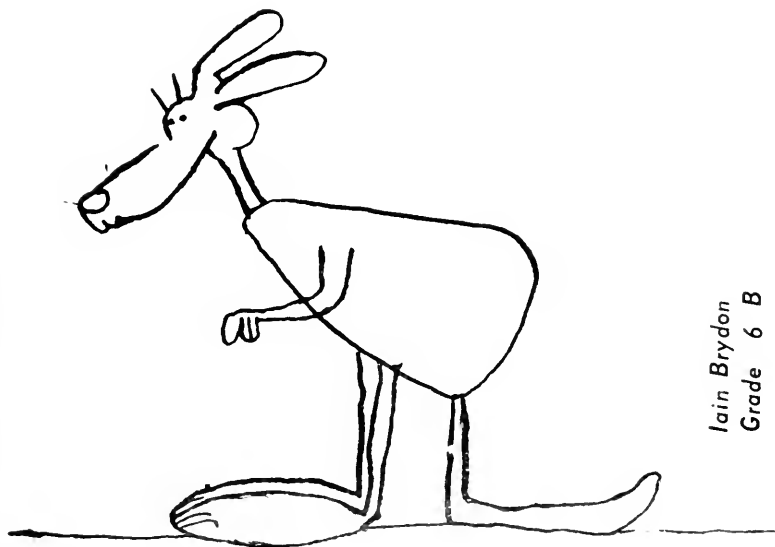
One day there was a boy called Mario who went to a race. The race began. The boy was last until he put on his full speed. He passed all of them and won the racing cup.

Andrew Zitzmann
Grade 3 B

THE CONTEST

One day there was a contest to make the best racing car. When they were made, there was to be a race to see who is the best maker. After a week the race started and the started listed the names. They were John, Jim, Thomas, Billy, and Bob. "Listen folks. Today we are going to start. Get ready! Go!" The cars left very fast and after one minute they were finished and the winner was Billy. His was the best racing car.

Billy Kyres
Grade 3 B



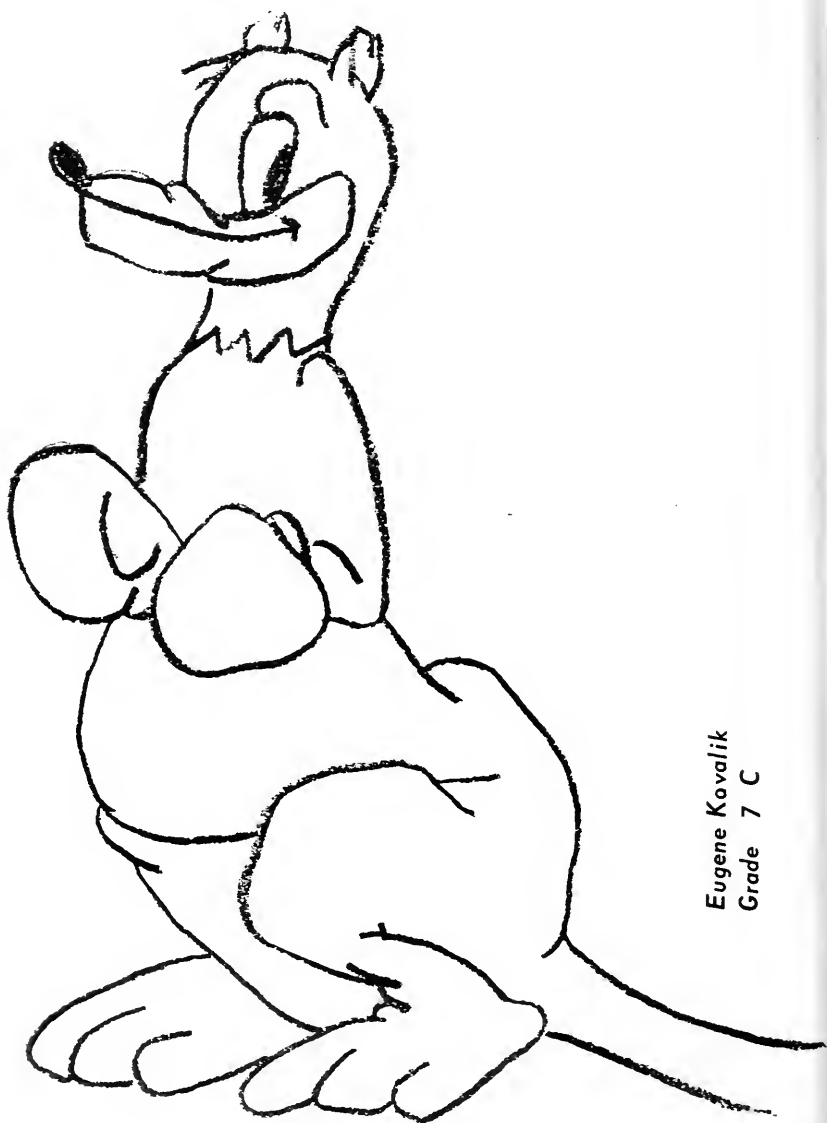
Iain Brydon
Grade 6 B

THE FIGHT

Once there was a boxer. He wanted to fight a kangaroo. He charged at the kangaroo. The kangaroo was called Jim, and the boxer was called Fred. Fred hit Jim, but Jim pushed Fred away with his hind leg. Fred went right into a tree. Then Jim fell down. They made friends and lived happily ever after.

Jake Richler

Grade 2



Eugene Kovalik
Grade 7 C

A WRESTLING MATCH

Once, a kangaroo was in a wrestling match. He was going to fight the best boxer in the world. When the man was about to punch him, he knocked him and killed him. He got arrested. He was in jail for two years.

William Riordan
Grade 2



Nicholas Briski
Grade 6 B

THE RANGER AND HIS DOGS

Long, long ago, there was a ranger and six dogs who were on a mission in the Antarctic. When they were travelling, they came to an ice bridge and the ranger fell in a heap of snow. The dogs went on over the bridge. Then one dog noticed that the ranger had fallen off so he barked and the dogs turned and they went back. The ranger still had his hand sticking out of the snow. The dogs did not see him but the ranger's hand caught the collar and the man came out of the snow heap. The dogs each got a medal and they lived happily ever after.

Julian Thomka - Gazdik
Grade 3 B

A DOG

A dog is furry,
In a hurry.
Everyday,
He goes out to play.
Playing ball
Until the sunset falls –
When, at last, he goes to bed,
He has happy thoughts in his head.

Erik Blachford
Grade 3 A



Nicholas Briski
Grade 6 B

A POEM ABOUT A DOG

I have a dog
Can't find him in the fog
Can't find him 'cuz he's grey –
Hope he doesn't run away.
If I don't find a track,
He'll never come back!

Sean Sofin
Grade 3 A

THE ENTERPRIZING DUCK

Once upon a time there was a duck who wanted to find his mother. You see, when he was a baby, his mother and father had a divorce. Today he was going to the Registry Office to find out where his mother was. He found out nothing so he waddled back to the farm. When he got back to the farm he went to the pond to see if any of his friends knew where his mother was. But they didn't know anything about divorce. So he decided to go on a voyage to find his mother.

He decided to leave the next day. In his dream someone told him to go through the forest near the farm.

The next day he started out early. When he got to the forest he found lots of signs. They read: go/that way, no/this way, go yonder, come/this way, no - east, no - west, no - north, no - south. The little duck got so confused that he decided to run straight ahead which was to the north-west. After an hour of walking, he found a half marsh-half lake place. Suddenly he heard rustling leaves. The little duck turned around and there was a fox. The little duck did not know the fox was mean. He thought he was like the barn-yard dog . . . so he asked, "Do you know where my mother is?"

The fox answered, "No, but I wish I did," licking his lips.

Later on the fox tried to catch the duck. The duck was sleeping and he was near the marshy lake. When the fox pounced on the duck, or at least tried to, the duck rolled over on one side. The fox missed and instead of landing in the water, he landed in Crocky-the-Crocodile's mouth and that was it for him.

Just then a little elf came out. "You want to find your mother? I know this because I am a magic elf. Go along the north road and you will find what you are looking for." When he was walking along the road, suddenly whoops

he fell into a pit. When he got out he heard a rooster. He knew it couldn't be his own farm so he followed the sound until he came to the farm on the other side of the forest. There he found his own mother and he told her his adventures.

Adrian Barker

Grade 3 A

THE ADVENTURE OF THE TALKING DUCK

One morning the Talking Duck went for a swim in the lake. The Wicked Elf saw the Talking Duck and was very hungry and wanted to eat him. So the Elf went back to his home in the forest and decided to set a trap. He put a trap on the beach where the duck usually got out of the water. The Duck saw the Elf setting the trap and he flew over the trap when the Elf was not looking.

Later on, the Elf came to see if the Duck was caught. He was very angry when he saw that there was no duck. He thought the trap did not work so he stepped in it and caught himself and could not get up. The nice Elf saw the Wicked Elf and killed him, and he and the Talking Duck ate him.

Alan Marshall
Grade 3 A

BEARS

I like to touch bears,
'Cuz they have a lot of hair.
They have paws
With very long claws.
On Noah's Ark they came in pairs.
Some of them got stuck in snares.

Sean Sofin
Grade 3 A

THE CREW AND THE WHALE

Long ago there were some Australian men. They were going whaling. When they were about twenty minutes out the crew saw the whale they wanted. But the whale was swimming towards them. They tried to sail away but they couldn't. The whale hit the ship. It was the first whaling ship to be sunk by a whale.

Kirk Russell

Grade 3 B

MOBY DICK

Long, long ago there was a whale called Moby Dick. He was the largest whale you ever saw. He turned over many of Captain Johnson's ships. If you had seen Moby, he would have been a giant. In that time, I was captain of the *S. S. Rock*. One day, we were looking for Moby and he was right under the ship. He surfaced and hit our bow. In two hours, our ship sank. I swam back to shore.

Jacey Kaps

Grade 3 B

THE WHALE HUNT

One day there was no oil or dog food, so the president decided that he would send some whalers to the Pacific Ocean to catch a couple of hundred whales. So the whalers went on the hunt right away.

After eight hours the whalers reached the Pacific. Then one man shouted "There she blows!" All the other men heard him and got all the important things to catch a whale. Good news! The whale was a Blue Whale. Bad news! The whale was mad because he was hungry. When he saw the ship, he thought that on the ship were some goodies. The whale went crazy and smashed a giant hole in the ship. One man had to call for help on the radio. Soon the rescue squad was there and some of the men were rescued, but some were drowned with the ship. The president told every newsman to write the whole story in every paper.

Tony Smurov

Grade 3 B

WHALING

One day, these sailors went sailing in the Pacific Ocean and they were looking for whales. This sperm whale came up and attacked the boat. In a few hours, the boat sank and the sailors swam to shore.

Stephen Tune

Grade 3 B

A WHALE TALE

There was a sailing ship and the whale said, "Do you have any fish for me?"

"Do you have any for me?"

"Only nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine."

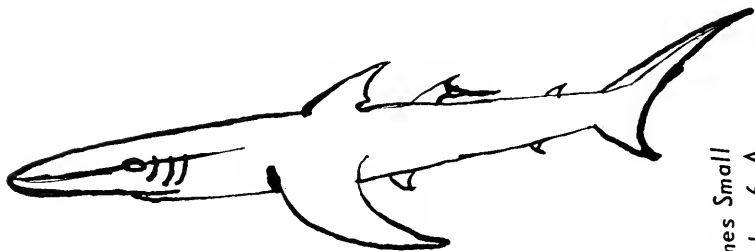
"Can I have all of those fish?"

"You must be kidding! Oh, you can have half of them."

"Only half? I quit fishing."

Nicholas Shorter

Grade 2



James Small
Grade 6 A

TOO MUCH FISH

A sailing ship caught two hundred thousand fish and a whale came up and cracked the boat. A man swam to an island where he had to run away from the savages. He yelled, "Help!"

The whale came and said, "Can I have you fish to eat?"

"Are you kidding? Half of them."

"Here they are! . . . You ate all of them!"

"I've got a stomach ache."

Douglas Bentley

Grade 2

WHALE HUNT

Once there was a whaling ship called the *ESSEX* which was a fine whaling ship. The ship was dispatched to a whale hunt in the Arctic. They were looking for the legendary Big Bull. When the ship was near his favorite hunting ground they saw the whale spouting off their starboard side. The whale surfaced and rammed the *ESSEX* and in thirty minutes the *ESSEX* had sunk.

Guy Wallace

Grade 3 B

THE WHALING BOAT

Once there was a whole crew that had come from England. Moby Dick was the captain of their boat. They thought that the Arctic was the best place to fish. As soon as they got to the deepest spot in the Arctic, they started fishing for the white whale. They got the fishing boat and started looking for the white whale. As soon as they saw it, a man jumped onto his back and killed it.

Douglas Higgins

Grade 3 B

THE SURVIVOR

Once there was a crew who loved to hunt whales. One day, a whale hunted them and the ship sank to the bottom of the sea. There was only one survivor. There was some gold on the ship and the man who survived found the gold and was rich and lived happily ever after.

Jason Hreno

Grade 2

THE REVENGE OF THE WHALE

One day there was a big whaling ship sailing south of Australia. Just then the captain spotted a big, black, sperm whale and then the whale came right up beside the ship. The men started throwing harpoons at the whale and some blood spurted from his back. The whale got very mad and he hit the ship with his tail and killed twelve people. Some of the ship broke off and then he rammed the ship and a person fell off and the whale ate him. A little blood dripped from the whale's mouth and then he rammed the ship again. It was smashed into splinters and it sank. The ship was never heard of again.

Christopher Keene

Grade 3 B



Nicholas Briski
Grade 6 B

A CONVERSATION

One day a bullet was talking to his boss whose name was Mr. Rifle. Bullet walked into the room.

"Mr. Bullet, you have been late every day this week and I'm angry," shouted Mr. Rifle.

"Please," said Mr. Bullet, "don't fire me!"

"Well, you better not be late again, or else!" ordered Mr. Rifle.

Mr. Bullet left the room but the next day he was late again and he walked into the room.

"You're fired! Jump in and wait!" ordered Mr. Rifle. Mr. Bullet jumped into the rifle and waited.

"BLAM!" Mr. Bullet was gone.

Simon Jones
Grade 4 B

A CONVERSATION

"Hi, I'm an eraser," said the eraser.

"Hi, I'm a piece of paper," answered the piece of paper.

"What is your work?" asked the piece of paper.

"My job is to erase the faults that the hand and the pencil do, so the hand picks me up and erases the bad things," answered the eraser.

"And you, what sort of work do you do?" asked the eraser.

"My job is to serve the pencil; he writes on me for his work, but what I like the best – it's when he doodles on me because it tickles me," answered the piece of paper.

Fenton Aylmer
Grade 4 B

THE OLD STONE AGE

In the old Stone Age, people lived up to thirty years old.
They were also very smart because they liked to live near
a stream or a lake for a good water supply.
They lived in caves.
They wore animal skins.
They hunted for food with hand-made weapons.
The old Stone Age lasted more than 2,000 years.
When the animals moved to a different area, hunters
would follow them.

Julian Gazdik
Grade 3 B

IF I LIVED IN THE MIDDLE AGES

If I went to a monastery, I should learn to say prayers and sing about God. I should be taught in the cloisters and when I passed my test at the age of twenty-one, then I should help in the infirmary and cure the sick. But I should still have to say prayers and pray for the sick to become healthy and I should pick herbs from the garden and give them to the medicine maker so that I could take them to the sick.

Will Matthews
Grade 3 A

IF I LIVED IN THE MIDDLE AGES

When I am seven I shall become a page. I shall serve wine and meals and be trained to do it. When I become fourteen, I shall be a squire and help my fellow knights put in their armour. One day, I should try to win my spurs. If I were successful, I should be a knight. About a year later, I should enter a tournament. I would charge at top speed and try to knock the other knight off his horse. If there ever were a war, I should have to use my lance and sword. If I won I would be famous.

Phillipe Thomson
Grade 3 A

IF I LIVED IN THE MIDDLE AGES

One day, at the monastery, I was walking around the cloistered yard and a monk came to me and said, "It's time to go to lessons." After my lessons, I went to the abbey church and walked around in the cloisters again. After that I ate my lunch and walked around once again. I was very happy because the next day was my birthday and I would be ten. The next day a monk said that I was then a novice. He asked me what I wanted to do on the monastery and I said that I wanted to do the farm work. He then showed me how to work the plows, and from that day, I lived in the monastery.

Alan Marshall
Grade 3 A

THE PRINCE AND THE WIZARD

One day a happy prince went for a walk in the woods. He saw a stand full of books, and beside it, he saw the funniest looking man he had ever seen in his life. He was buying a book about magic.

The next day the prince went back to the same place and found the same man. The man was reading the book when he called the prince and said, "Please come over here and listen to this spell."

The Wizard cast a spell on the prince and the prince became a tree.

After a few days a little girl came into the woods and found the book of magic lying on the ground. She said the spell backwards and the tree turned into the prince. The prince took the little girl home and she stayed until the prince's little boy grew up. They got married and lived happily ever after.

Tarek Razek
Grade 3 A

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

One day, I found an old house in the woods. It was spooky, and it smelled like a junk yard. The next day, my friend and I decided to investigate. We weren't allowed to go in the daytime, so that night, while my mother was on the telephone, we crept downstairs. We put on our coats and opened the door as quietly as we could. We ran as fast as we could into the woods. Then we saw the spooky house. We went inside and we went up the stairs. We saw a light coming from the other room so we hid under the bed. The light came nearer. My friend screamed, "A GHOST!" We ran from the house as fast as we could. My friend was terrified! We ran from the woods to the house and opened the back door and crept up the stairs and put our pyjamas on and went to bed. The very next day, the workmen told us that the spooky house had been torn down twenty years ago.

Geoffrey Adams
Grade 4 B

THE GHOST TOWN

On October thirty-first, I was still on my summer holidays; and my family and I went on a picnic in a ghost town in Virginia. We got there at six o'clock. After we settled down, I asked my father if I could look around. He said, "yes." I went and looked at the store. It had nothing in it. Next, I went into the dungeon and looked at a cell. Suddenly, the door creaked and slammed behind me. It locked. I screamed but no one heard me and the only thing I heard was a squeaky laugh behind me. I turned around and there was a witch. I felt a bony hand. I looked up and saw an old face with a lump on its nose. My father came in and scared the witch right out and saved me and we never came back again.

Michael McKim
Grade 4 B

THE HORSE AND THE WIZARD

Once upon a time there lived a master and his horse. They lived on a farm. They had one problem; the horse always ran away. One day the horse ran away and his master ran after him. The horse ran too fast and after a while the master was too tired to go any further. So he went home for the night. That night the horse was wandering around in the dark. He met a Wizard. When he got closer he found out it was an old scare crow. Then he discovered he was on his own farm and he was very glad to be home.

Colin McGilton
Grade 3 A

DRACULA

I was on my way home from the airport and was trying to find a taxi when an agent lady came and asked me, "Are you Jonathan Harker?"

"Yes, I am. Why?" I asked.

"Here, you've got a letter from a person who is called 'the Count,'" she said. I read it and this is what it said:

Dear Jonathan Harker,

I've been waiting for you. You have been invited to my castle. I am happy to let you come and stay for about two weeks. Then I shall get rid of you.

Yours truly,
The Count

I went downstairs to get a chariot and gave the driver ten pence. He asked, "Where would you like to go?"

"To the Count's, please."

"B- b- but I cannot go there; he has his own servant," the driver said.

"But I must go," I replied.

"Oh, all right! I will get you there by this afternoon," the driver answered. There was a beautiful lady in the chariot and she said that I was nearly there. I waited and waited. Hours passed by, but the time came when I was put in another chariot. I could not see the man's face because it was midnight and very dark. As we came closer to the castle, I heard the sound of wolves, but the driver said they were not werewolves. Of course, I did not believe him; but I began to feel terrified. At last, when we arrived, I went in but could not see anything. When someone turned on the light, it was my house. I told my wife; and she said, "come and have some tea."

Ian Ogilvie
Grade 4 B

THE MYSTERY OF THE CAT

A figure of magic my eyes did meet,
The pitter-patter of pussy's feet,
With mystic eyes of shining star,
A stalking, black panther from afar.

Velvet style from every paw,
Magic sleekness one can't draw,
Cupid ears are soft and wide –
A mini-tiger from inside.

Strolling lightly all about,
Why not let the beast get out?
In dim light under the moon,
Will its real self escape soon?

Allan Hirsch
Grade 7 A

KITTENS

I saw a kitten on the wall,
Playing with leaves that fall
Through the calm and frost air
Of that morning bright and fair.

Kristian Stiefenhofer
Grade 7 A

A POSTER IN OUR CLASS

There is a funny poster in our class that has the following slogan: "Hang on, Baby. Friday's coming." It has a picture of a cat hanging on a branch of a tree, about ten feet off the ground, and looking downward with a terrified look in his eyes. He is just about to fall, and his hind legs look ready for it.

John O'Brien
Grade 5 B

MY DOG

Here I am with my fishing rod;
When, suddenly, I saw my dog.
Suddenly, the river and forest turned to fog,
And I could not find my pet for it was lost in a bog.

Benoit Rabillard
Grade 7 A

MARY HAD A LITTLE DOG

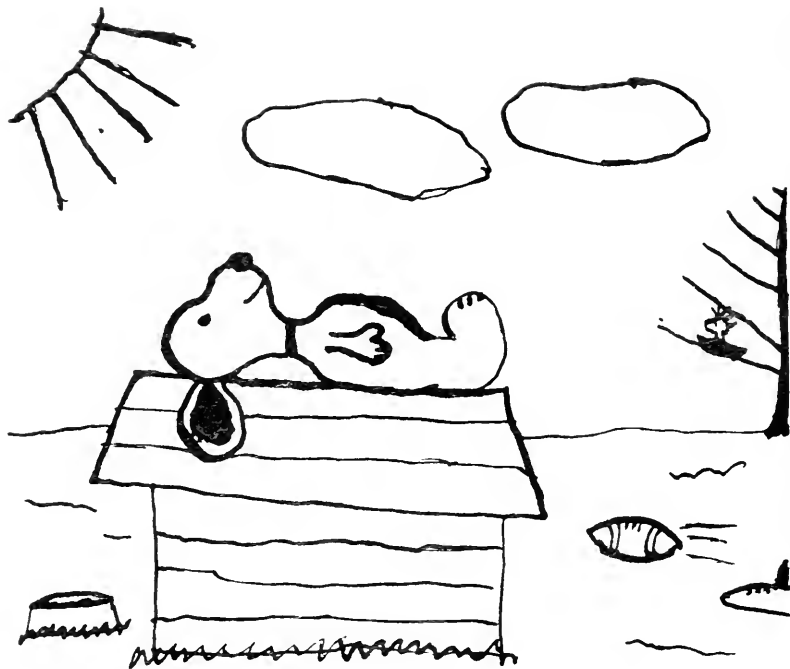
Mary had a little dog;
Its leash was black and brown.
And everywhere that Mary went;
Her little dog would frown.

Kristian Stiefenhofer
Grade 7 A

A NUISANCE

There once was a dog named Bonny
Who ran away from home
And we were very upset
Until we heard the phone.
The people said, "Hello,"
And "Please pick up your dog.
She's creating quite a nuisance
And tracking in the bog."

David Osmond
Grade 6 A



Andrew Mackay
Grade 6 B

A DOG'S OPINION OF HUMANS AND LIFE

Hello, I'm Rover. I live in a house on 34th Street. My master is an 'okay guy.' His name is Scarlet and I feed him T.V. dinners everyday. I get him breakfast, and to show his gratitude, he gives me mine. Then I take him for a walk; sometimes, I have to put a leash on him. We usually sleep together. Before we go to bed, I lick him good-night.

What I hate most about humans is their dog commercials. The dog always eats the stuff! Personally, I've tried all the dog foods (except maybe one), and only one agreed with my handsome tummy. It was Dr. Ballard's!

I've got quite a few friends. For instance, there's Hot Dog. He's got a very good sense of humour. Then there's Droopy. He's always moaning and groaning. One of my really good buddies is Squeaky. He's a practical joker. I'm vice-president of our group and our president is Bully. He's got so many muscles that if you tried to count them, you would end up counting all your life. However, on the inside, he's really nice. He's also got brains.

Altogether, I think life's okay, and I guess, humans are okay too.

Andrew Sussman
Grade 5 B

A DOG'S OPINION OF HUMANS

One day, our family voted whether we should have a dog or not. We decided to get one. We had to go from one store to another until we found a dog we wanted.

We were happy with our Rover, but we weren't sure whether he was happy with us. So we thought of a way to make sure he was happy. We tried this and that. We even took him skiing with us. But my dog said, "These humans don't know anything. All I want is some good food." After trying a lot of things, we finally came to some good food. But then Rover said, "Oh I want to go skiing so much. They really should learn something, these stupid humans." It was the same thing before, and I mean exactly.

First, it was a long time before we tried him on skiing again, but finally, he had all the things he liked. He said, "Oh, how I love these humans. You know they are pretty smart for dummies." We no longer cared what he called us. We loved him whatever he said.

We got another dog named Bever. We went through the same thing we had gone through with Rover, but we couldn't discover what he liked. It was a big problem to do one thing for Rover and another for Bever. He thought the same thing Rover had, that we knew nothing, really not anything. We couldn't think of any way to solve this problem. After a while, we found something both dogs liked. Bever said to Rover, "Finally, these animals are becoming a little bit human." But whatever we did, they still thought we were dummies.

Gary Grosszman
Grade 5 B

WHEN I LOST MY DOG

On November 9, at two-thirty, my dog, Benny, ran away while I was marching in the Remembrance Day parade. At the end of the parade, my mother told me about it and we started to run up and down the streets, calling for Benny. After half an hour of frantic searching, we all came back to the place where she had been frightened by the band, but no one had found Benny. My mother and father took me home to stay by the telephone in case anyone called to say they had found Benny. Then my parents went back in both cars with my brothers' bicycles so that my brothers could ride around and my mother and father could drive around to look for Benny.

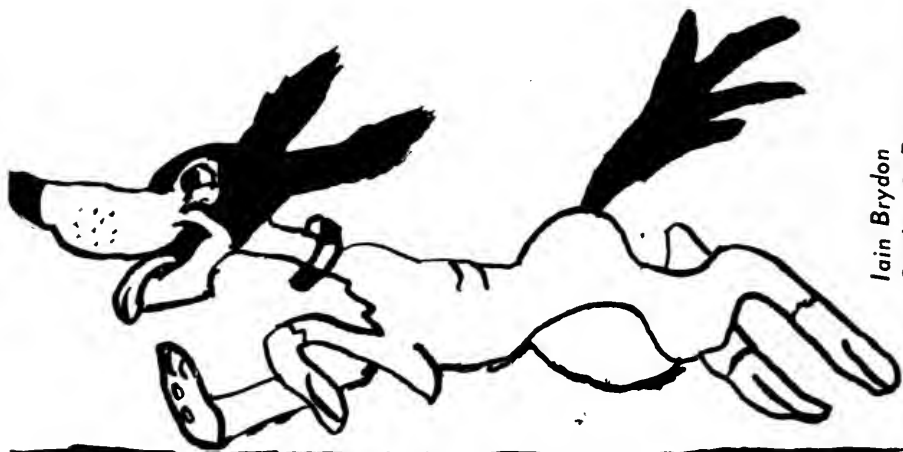
After searching till late, they came home without Benny. We were all worried and upset to think of her all alone on the cold, wet night. We were afraid that she might be killed by a car, or, perhaps, even stolen.

The next day, my mother phoned all the schools to ask if the children could look for Benny. Next, we phoned the police to see if anyone had brought Benny into a police station. Then we phoned the C.S.P.C.A. but no one had seen Benny. My father had printed one hundred and fifty notices to say that she was lost, but as we were planning to pin up the notices, we had a phone call saying that two boys had found her. The notices were not needed after all.

We were happy to have our wet, bedraggled dog back.

David Osmond

Grade 6 A



Iain Brydon
Grade 6 B

FIREFLIES

Fireflies fly at night;
On their tails, they have a light.
Flying through the plants and ferns,
Behind them, they carry their lanterns.
They take their beacons wherever they go.
Each one shines with a bright yellow glow.
Fireflies gather in little swarms,
Just like mosquitoes when the weather warms
Fireflies are of no use to man,
But try to catch one, if you can.

Nicholas Pratley
Grade 6 A

THE WORM

There once was a worm,
Who met a pachyderm.
The pachyderm said,
 "You look like a germ."
The worm was so mad
 He began to squirm.

The worm decided to leave forever more
When the pachyderm heard
He started to explore.
When he found him, he was adored.
All the pachyderms cheered him on the shore.

John Norman
Grade 5 A

KANGAROO

Kangaroos are playful things
That jump around on legs of springs.

If treated properly, they are nice,
But not like other things, such as mice.

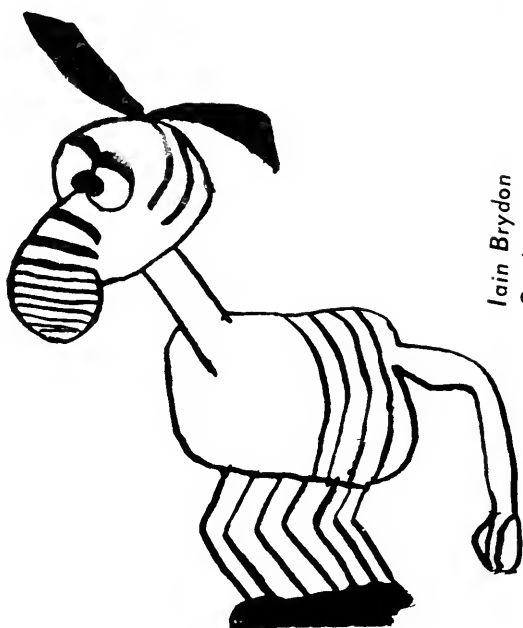
Should you want one, do just this
Go to a pet store and look on the residence list.

If you want a free ride home
Hop in its pouch and say shalom.

If you're having trouble in a fight
A kangaroo's boxing is a delight.

And if you don't like kangaroos
There's just one thing to do –
Don't buy a springy kangaroo.

Michael Stuchbery
Grade 7 A



Iain Brydon
Grade 6 B

PITTER PATTER

It was May 12, and Johnny and Betsy were going to Paddington Station to pick up their father who was returning to London after doing some business in Liverpool. After passing a rather odd looking, old cargo train from Peru, they found themselves hearing little feet pitter-pattering behind them. Upon looking around, they exclaimed, "Oh, my God! It's a bear!"

This simply petrified their nanny, Mrs. Farnsworth, into standing stock still and into muttering, "A bear! A bear! A bear . . ." which was where she left off – just before she fainted.

"I won't hurt you," said the bear.

"We can speak!" exclaimed Johnny and Betsy with great delight.

"Why, of course! I'm a very highly bred, special bear, I am, I am. Haven't you heard of Paddington?"

"Yes, what has that got to do with it?"

"Why, just about everything," the bear replied. "He's my cousin. We both have speech. You always do when you've been bred by Mr. Farnsworth. He discovered our secret long ago."

"What secret?"

"That we have vocal cords just like humans but we never knew how to use them."

"Do you have a name?"

"Yes, I do. It's Pitter-Patter."

"How did you get your English accent?"

"Because Mr. Farnsworth is English," Pitter-Patter replied. "He's a doctor and when he discovered us on his vacation he decided to retire and train us. He already had plenty of money from his profession. He sent us here after we had been trained and said, 'Find a good family – like yours!'"

Just then, Mr. Stuart and Mrs. Stuart came along (they were Johnny's parents). "Hello. Well, what's this? A bear? You must be Paddington's cousin, Pitter-Patter. Of course, you'll come and live with us. Paddington is right next door at our cousin's house so you can play with him. Oh, you'll have just a splendid time, I know."

To which, Pitter-Patter simply replied, "It would be a pleasure."

Tim Reid

Grade 5 B

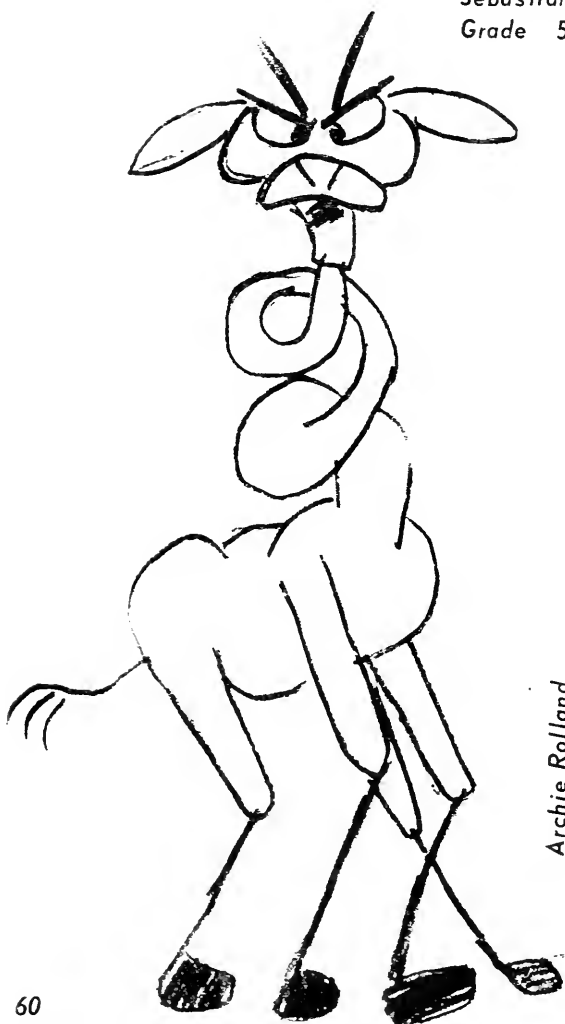
BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY

Two young woobles (monkey-like animals – partly terrestrial) were on their way to seek their fortunes. The older one was selfish and cruel; the younger, kind and gentle. They walked until they came to a junction and then stopped. "I want to live a pleasant life, so I am going this way to town to get a job," said the younger wobble.

The older replied, "I am going to be a soldier in the war." So they went their separate ways. The older soon became a soldier, and the younger, a tailor. Both enjoyed their work.

One day, while the young wobble was at work, the town mailboy came in and told him that his brother had been killed in the war.

Sebastian Gault
Grade 5 B



Archie Rolland
Grade 6 B

IT SERVES YOU RIGHT

Many years ago, there lived a boy who hated animals. The animal he hated most was the Gibbon Monkey.

One day, the boy picked up a monkey and said, "Let's go for a swim, little chap." He really wanted to put the monkey into a ditch.

After a while, they reached the park. The monkey was thrown into a ditch which no one could climb out. The boy laughed and ran away. Later that day, some men pulled the poor monkey from the ditch. They said, "What a cute little monkey. It is terrible to see an animal suffering like this. The person who put him in the ditch will regret it."

One day, the boy went to the friend who owned the monkey which was thrown into the ditch. The friend knew about the way the boy had treated the monkey, so he called the police. The police came and handcuffed the boy and took him to jail. A few days later, when the monkey heard that the boy had been given a term in jail, he laughed so hard that it shook the house. The monkey laughed louder than the boy had laughed at him.

Robert Koenig
Grade 5 B

THE FOX WHO WANTED ATTENTION

MORAL: Don't do something foolish to get attention.

Once upon a time, there was a fox who lived a lonely life in the forest. Nobody paid any attention to him, and he got very upset about it.

Then, one day, he said to himself that he would jump off the tallest tree in the forest. So the next day, he told a rabbit to tell everyone what he would do. By the time everyone was in the forest, he had reached the top of the tree. When everyone told him to jump, he did. He landed with a thump and broke his leg. He was very fortunate.

A few months later, when the fox was better, some tourists came and said that they would like to see something exciting about the town. So the citizens brought them to the fox's home, where they asked him to do the stunt again. After a while, the fox agreed. This time, when he did the stunt, he broke his head open and killed himself. He deserved it.

Colin Chang
Grade 5 B

THE WOLF THAT WENT TOO FAR

Once a wolf got into a friendly chat with a goat. The subject of the chat was relatives. The wolf was boasting about how great and famous his father was. The goat was impressed, so the wolf went on and lied about some more relatives. Gradually, it dawned on the goat that he was being told a fib. This happened again and again to the wolf and soon he had no friends at all!

MORAL:

He who boasts also lies.

John O'Brien
Grade 5 B

THE WOLF WHO THOUGHT HE WAS GRAND

(Based upon the story of the hare and the tortoise)

A certain wolf of whom I have heard won all the local races and therefore thought he was so grand that nobody could possibly beat him.

One day, as he was walking along, thinking of his grandness, he met a porcupine who was very slow because his legs were very short. The wolf said, "I suppose you've heard of my fantastic feats." To which the porcupine replied, "I have heard and would like to challenge you to a race." The wolf accepted and they planned a race which would take place in two weeks.

In those two weeks, the wolf ate and lazed. On the day of the race, the porcupine ate nothing, but the wolf stuffed himself. The respected owl shot the gun, and off went the porcupine at a fairly swift speed. "The wolf?" you ask me. Well he started all right, but after a few minutes of dragging his feet, he had to stop at the roadside to be sick.

MORAL:

Keep practising!

Tim Reid
Grade 5 B

THE TWO FRIENDS

One night, as a fox was walking, he heard chickens, so he started walking toward the sound. When he got to the chicken coop, he started digging under the fence. He went through his tunnel and quickly took two chickens. The farmer heard the commotion and came out with his gun. He shot but missed the fox by far. The fox went back to his lair and feasted on the chickens. Meanwhile, the farmer went to the tunnel and put the sand back in it.

The next night, the fox went back to the chicken coop and dug another tunnel and quickly grabbed two chickens. The farmer came out again with his gun and shot, but missed again.

The next day, as the fox sat quietly in his lair, he heard something outside. He went to see what the noise was, and to his surprise, it was the farmer. He ran toward the home of his friend, the hare. At least, he thought the hare was his friend. When he got there, he knocked on the door, went in, and asked whether he could hide in the house for a while.

The hare said, "No," and kicked him out the back door. By that time, the farmer had caught up to him, so he saw him leaving the back door. The fox ran quickly over to the groundhog's house and knocked on the door and went in and asked the groundhog whether he could stay there for a while.

The groundhog surprised him by replying, "Yes." From that day on, the fox remembered who his real friend was.

MORAL: One finds out who his real friends are in a time of trouble.

Duncan Yull
Grade 5 B

THE FAKE MILLIONAIRE

All around a man walking down a street were millionaires wearing fine clothes. The man had an idea. He would pretend he was a millionaire and so he told everyone how rich he was. That day, a millionaire asked him if he would like to come to a ball, but he couldn't go because he didn't have a tuxedo. Then he thought of robbing someone so that he might have a tuxedo. He went into a house on his way in order to find a "tux." The owner who was in the bath came rushing out and saw the man taking the tuxedo. He called the police who captured the thief and he ended up in the "cooler."

MORAL:

Don't pretend to be what you're not.

Michael Seropian
Grade 5 B

THE BEAR AND THE MOUSE

One day as Bear was walking in the forest with his group, Mousy suddenly jumped out in front of Bear. "Can I be in your group?" he squeaked.

"Go eat some cheese," Bear replied. Then Bear and his group threw acorns at Mousy.

As they left, Bear stepped into a bear trap. "Eek!" said each of the group. "There must be hunters here." With that they all left.

Then the hunters who had set the trap decided to take a rest along the way and near the spot where Bear was trapped. Mousy, who stood nearby, saw Bear and asked, "Can I help you?"

"Humph. You couldn't help a flea."

"Can I try to help you?" Mousy asked.

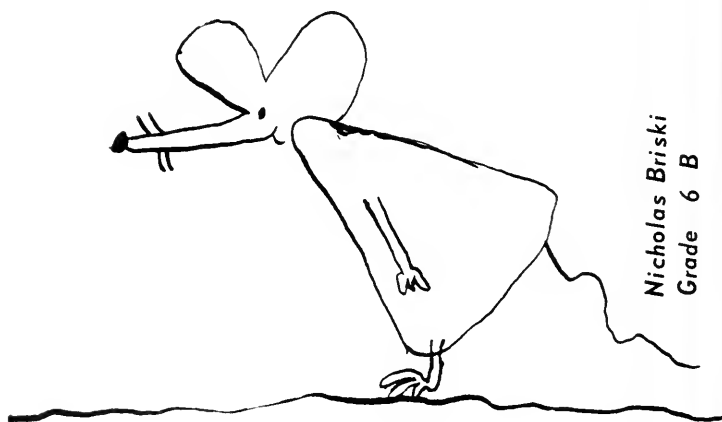
"If you want to," Bear said.

Mousy sneaked off, crawled to the hunters' camp, stole the key, and returned to the Bear. After he had set the Bear loose, the two became great friends.

MORAL: One finds who his real friends are in a time of trouble.

Andrew Sussman

Grade 5 B



Nicholas Briksi
Grade 6 B

IT PAYS TO BE YOURSELF

Once there was a man who said, "Make way. I am king. If you don't get out of my way, I will put you in jail." Now, nobody knew he was an ordinary man, except himself.

Later, he thought he lied with so great a success that he would do it again. He said, "I want everybody to give me half a bag of gold because I am king. If you don't, I will tie you to a stake and watch you burn." He became so proud of himself that he did this everywhere he went.

One day, he came across a bird, and the bird said, "I know what you are doing everywhere you go, and I am going to stop you."

"Just how are you going to do that?" the fake king said in a crude way.

"I am going to tell everybody in the next town you go to that you are not a king. I will tell them to burn you at the stake."

The ordinary man went away without thinking about it. Later, when he came to a town, he said, "Make way. I am a king."

The people grabbed him and burned him at the stake.

Mark Wrobel

Grade 5 B



Timothy Shorter
Grade 6 A

TWILIGHT AT THE LAKE

The cry of an eagle flying overhead, returning to its nest after a day of hunting on the lake and the honking of geese high in the sky ends the day – twilight on the lake.

The beaver was returning to his hut after a busy day of repairing his dam, cutting trees, and protecting his young from dangers. The little ground squirrels were chattering and running around in the dense foliage surrounding the lake. The loud roar of a bear fishing echoed through the trees. An occasional fox could be seen dashing through the woods, hunting, or returning to its den. Big, black water beetles and shiny, small whirligigs swam along the surface of the lake. Small insect larvae were wriggling near the surface. In the clear depths were trout and bass which subsisted on minnows and other small fish. On the bed of the lake was a variety of plants which resembled kelp.

By now, it was night, with the sky full of stars and the night crickets chirping. A whole host of animals which was silent during the day was now active. Soon, it would be dawn and the whole cycle of activity would start again.

Damon Kuttan
Grade 7 C

TWILIGHT ON THE LAKE

Covered in growth of all kinds, the lake was a resting place. Its waters were calm. Here, there was no noise. A constant dip only broke the silence like a pin dropping in a silent room, a place of calm life. Ripples on the water grew as the dip became faster and faster. The excitement expressed itself as the speed of the dips grew. The dipping stopped and the ripples receded. The only sound or movement was of eyes: eyes viewing, moving, sending a message to the brain; the eyes had missed the beauty. They had missed everything except the paddle and the rocks. Totally expressing itself, life was always there, but no one had heard or seen it. At last, viewing, hearing, smelling everything that could be seen or smelled, the senses caught. Softly flowing, water rippled over the lilies like a large, gliding bird skimming across the smallest leaves. Everything, in a state of perpetual softness, was moving slowly or not at all. No bitter note, no sharp reflection or image, but sweet, mellow, legato, blurred, rounded sounds and shapes appeared. Bound together were song and beauty. Flushing in glory, nothing was lost. Yet all clarity was far beyond reach. Then, as the first cannon sounding was after peace, the drippings resumed apace. The rapids began.

Sean Lafleur
Grade 7 B

TWILIGHT ON THE LAKE

The lake nestled between the mountains and hills which by now were dark with evening shadows. Around me, the trees swayed in the wind, as the last twitters and fidgeting of the birds added to the soft, rustling sounds. Some of them were black silhouettes like men with straggly hair. The waves ran up the shore with soft, laughing sounds. The splash of fish could be heard from the shore, mingling with the harsh croaking of the bullfrogs. The moon began to climb over the lake while there were still streaks of fire-like colours from the setting sun. Slowly darkness enfolded all in its soft, grey cloak.

Stephen Kohner
Grade 7 B

THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN

The diver, black-clad, fitted with oxygen tanks, tubes, and mask, flashlight in hand, flipper assisted, made his descent. His destination, the ocean floor.

The light, strong at first, grew dimmer. The diver turned on his powerful flashlight, illuminating the area around him. Fish with fluorescent bodies caught the light and reflected it in blues and greens; some remained stationary; others streaked away as if threatened, yet others seemed to come to the light as if seeking food and protection. Suddenly, all the fish dispersed in a flash. A dark body circled: a leviathan of the deep, the emperor of this realm. He seemed to inspect the strange, black figure passing through his domain; he went on his way.

On the ocean floor, the flashlight caught the different shapes; shells seemed as dead as the neighbouring rocks. The occasional lobster crawled, feeding upon dead fish; crabs, dancing sideways, evacuated their hunting ground. The golden, light brown sand sprinkled on the ocean floor, turned into a sandstorm when kicked. An odd shape caught the diver's attention. Was this a natural hill, or the remains of some long-forgotten Spanish treasure ship? The diver worked feverishly on his knees, his hands scattering the sand. After what seemed an interminable time, his hands met with resistance. It was wood. His eyes met the fluorescent watch face. An alarm sounded in his head. The ascent had to begin.

Stephen Kohner
Grade 7 B

THE OCEAN FLOOR

Gloomy shadows dawn upon the ocean floor. Blue rays, as a fast-moving propellor goes by, trickles through the water. A reef coral rock gently falls toward the sandy ground sheet. The sand is disturbed by a passing traffic jam of thin-scaled fish. Suddenly, a large monster, with eight tentacles, grabbed these small delicacies. String-like creatures cling to the ocean floor, swallowing up microscopic organisms. Small particles of dust which resemble some sort of magic powder float across the floor. A very disagreeable crab slowly and awkwardly makes his way under a rock. The mystical ideals of the sea will remain untold.

Robert Gialloredo
Grade 7 B

THE SEA BOTTOM

Down, down, down to the earth's fathomless pit – the bleak, black bottom of the sea. Different from all the rest of the universe, this kingdom of vast size stores a world of fascination and marvel. Between the huge trenches of gnarled, withered away rock and immense reefs of coral lies this realm. Here, the floor is a soft, cushiony sponge plant, entwined with seaweed and slimy rockweed, which wistfully sway in the underwater current, revealing hundreds of tiny, transparent sweeper fish scanning the ocean terrain. In the higher areas of brittle, prickly anemones, the larger fish live. Illuminated by small lamps on their heads, they can view life easily in the dark depths of the caves. Here, life is malingering and the minute particles which exist eat only the decayed fish submerging from the surface. No sound can be heard, only the utterings of the caressing current speeding the life in this isolated place. In the caves lie the sunken galleons, surrounded by schools of fish, and, clustered in plankton, they still reveal the ghosts of men.

Nicholas McConnell
Grade 7 B

THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN

I feel the ice cold water on my freezing skin as I submerge deeper in the dark water. A blood-coloured fish swims away when it sees my light. Another type of fish is swimming vigorously after its quarry. As I turn around, I see a giant shark chasing an eight foot long squid. The long, spaghetti-like seaweed sways back and forth with the slight current. An electric eel swims from a rock and eats the remains of a sting ray. A sea horse looks curiously around him. A peculiarly shaped piece of coral lies inside a cave. I could also see a very beautifully coloured flower lying on a shell of a turtle. All of these beautiful things made by nature make the oceans very pretty.

David Williams

Grade 7 B

THE GULL

The gull flies high;
The gull flies low.
He dives deeply
To reach the shoal
And his goal.

Robert Young

Grade 7 A

THE SEA AT NIGHT

The winds are blowing;
The seas are flowing;
The nights are very cold.

The moon is shining
Through the clouds' lining;
The nights are very bright.

A ship is sailing;
The seas are wailing;
Nights are very lonesome.

Ships are following,
Lighthouse guiding,
The nights are never still.

The crabs are crawling;
Some fish are flying;
Nights show many creatures.

The tides are moving;
The waves are roaring;
Nights are very noisy.

Seas keep me thinking
Of songs worth singing,
Of nights I remember.

Mark Horonczyk
Grade 7 A

THE SEA

The sea with its waves so high,
And its troughs so deep,
Crushing, pushing, pulling,
These things, the sea does.
Oh! The sea,
The beautiful Sea.

Its beaches lined with white fringe,
The Sea so blue,
The Sea
Ho! That beautiful Sea.

The Sea's waves tower over swimmers,
Tower over houses,
Tower toward the sky.
Oh! The Sea and its charm and lustre.

The Sea with its inhabitants,
Swimming, crawling, pulling,
Exotic fish. Undersea cities
And countless sunken ships.

That beautiful expanse
That covers half the earth
With its laced beaches of white.
Oh! The Sea,
That very beautiful Sea.

Robert Young
Grade 7 A

SUNRISE

Misty, hazy – slowly growing larger,
Round, rising – searing waves of heat – steady ball of fire,
Clear orange – reflecting.

John Housez
Grade 6 A

SUNRISE

Rising like a painter,
Painting the sky pink and blue.
Soon, it will be over,
But you can be sure there will be one
Tomorrow too.

David Daly
Grade 7 A

CLOUDS

Boats and ships sail on the seas;
But clouds which sail across the sky
Are prettier than these.

Kristian Stiefenhafer
Grade 7 A

THE WIND

The wind, when in a cloudless sky,
Is like a swan taking off to fly;
It's like a ray of endless air,
Or a stream of breath so much dare;
That when it sifts through a grassy lawn,
It leaps and prances just like a fawn.
I hope man's foolishness will cease
And not interfere with the breeze.

John O'Brien
Grade 5 B

SUNSET

The beautiful sunset, going down so low,
Leaves pretty colours of purple and yellow;
But when those colours end their glow,
The night has come; that we know.

Benoit Robillard
Grade 7 A

UNBROKEN PEACE

The sky was black, blue, and bleak.
The sound of wings has reached its peak.
The flock flew by with sudden cheer,
But then it seemed to disappear.
The cold, north wind blew through the trees,
The humming sound of several small bees.
I knew the sound would never cease,
The world outside, unbroken peace.

Clarke Schwab
Grade 6 A

NIGHT

Night is the absence of light;
Night is a beautiful sight.
Sitting down to look at the stars,
Or wondering what is on Mars,
Is something you do at night.

Night, Night, I think I am right,
Is something that is not bright.
I wonder, I wonder, if you know
What night comes from. Do you say, 'no?'
Finally, day comes and it is bright.

John Hetherington
Grade 6 A

SUMMER

The air around was really bright.
The sky was coloured blue and white.
I heard a buzzing in the sky,
And busy bees went buzzing by.

Kristian Stiefenhofer
Grade 7 A

SUMMER

Summer is very much fun
If you play in the sun.
I like to play outside
And to go out and hide.

Reed Ballon
Grade 6 A

NIGHT

I love to go out in the night
If it is very calm and bright.
I love to go out and sing;
It is a very nice thing.

Reed Ballon
Grade 6 A

AUTUMN

Autumn is the season I dread,
When the leaves fall yellow and red.
But in autumn, I still have fun
While playing in the sun.

Grant Daly
Grade 5 A

PINEAPPLE WINE

In wintertime, or thereabouts,
While others sit about the house.
A glimpse of summer I do find,
If only in my mind.

Down the stairs of dark, I walk,
Searching for my favorite stock.
In the stone cold room of mine
I come across pineapple wine.

"Who would think of it but me?"
I whispered to myself with glee.
My finger wrapped around the neck;
My wits about me, I did check.

Bits of summer in my brain,
I guzzled more, without refrain.
Nothing better to consume,
Sunlight spread about the room.

The perfect escape from the wearied.
Finding refuge with the cheered.
"So long, summer, my good friend,
So long, until we meet again."

Allan Hirsch
Grade 7 A

SNOW

Snow is soft;
Snow is white;
Snow is cold,
And it is bright.

Full of life, snow quietly lies,
But when too hot, snow silently dies.

Slowly, snow falls to the ground,
And is flattened when people pound.

Tony Iton
Grade 7 A

WINTER STREAMS

Now the little rivers go
Muffled safely under snow;

And the winding meadow streams
Murmur in their wintry dreams,

While a tinkling music wells
Faintly from their icy bells,

Telling how their hearts are bold
Though the very sun be cold.

Ah, but wait until the rain
Comes a-sighing again,

Sweeping softly from the sound
Over ridge and meadow ground.

Then the little streams will hear
April calling far and near –

Slip their snowy bands and run
Sparkling in the welcome sun.

Anthony Laubi
Grade 5 A

SNOW

A white, glistening powder
That falls gracefully from the sky.
It gives the ground a shine from the dirty grime.
It's lots of fun to play in,
So, why are we waitin' ?
It gives kids zest, but you have to wear a vest.
It's the season of Christmas,
And for people to have bliss.
It creates the spring
So bees can come out and sting.

Quent Kilby
Grade 7 A

SNOW

Snow is soft and fluffy
Like our cat, Muffy.
When it covers the ground,
I can shovel all around.
When the snow melts, it gets muddy;
And my clothing doesn't look funny.
When it snows, it is nice and bright;
Hey! We can have a snowball fight.

Stephen Hasko
Grade 6 A

WINTER

Winter, winter, winter,
When winter comes, a funny shiver
goes down people's spines,
but they usually find
that winter is snow,
and snow must go.
Winter, winter, winter.
Winter can be warm
or have lots of storms.
Winter conditions may vary
and that is the message I carry.

Douglas Clark
Grade 6 A

FIRE

I like to sit by the fire and stare
At the curious things I can see in there.
It's better than pictures in a book
To sit by the fire and look.

Kristian Stiefenhafer
Grade 7 A

THE FIRST SNOW

I have noticed the things that happen on the first snowfall of the winter. I am lying in bed half asleep, and I roll over. Thump, I am on the floor, a little sore, but at least awake. Then I get up and wobble over to the window. I pull up the blind and stare with astonishment at the whiteness for a few seconds, walk back a few steps, trip over my chair, turn around, run into the door, open the door, run out, trip and fall down the stairs. Then I think, "What's the hurry?" After that, I walk dizzily over to the telephone, dial the wrong number, dial again and ask my friend, "Have you seen the snow?" He says, "Sure, what's so great about it?" Sometimes I wonder if he does or doesn't go through what I go through.

Christopher Poole
Grade 6 A

CHRISTMAS IS THE TIME

Christmas is the time for joy,
When we worship the holy boy.
Christmas is the time for glee,
When we do things joyfully.
Christmas is the time for trees
And so cold we are sure to freeze.
Christmas is the time for presents,
And the time for doing pageants.
Christmas is the time for me,
Because I take it peacefully.

David Stevenson
Grade 6 A

CHRISTMAS MORNING

Early – still, cold and dark – cozy, warm, bright.
Sense the excitement, noise, clatter
and pitter patter of small feet,
the tearing paper – mystery, laughter –
total confusion.

John Housez
Grade 6 A

CHRISTMAS

Christmas is the time of year,
When I start to lend an ear.

Exchanging gifts is lots of fun;
I have to give more than one.

Giving love to one and all,
Not the same as summer, spring, or fall.

Exchanging thoughts by the mail
And getting it delivered in the hail.

Derek Trott
Grade 6 A

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

What does Christmas mean to me? To me, it means a time of good will towards men, and peace in the world.

When Christmas began, nobody cared about presents. To them, Christmas was a time of good will, a time of peace. When someone came from a long distance away, the people welcomed him with open arms, fed him, lodged him, and he slept, knowing he was in good hands.

Over the centuries, people forgot what Christmas meant. In the late nineteenth century, the majority of the people didn't care about Jesus, the Kings, or even the spirit of Christmas.

Today, nobody cares about Christmas. When Christmas Day is near, people say, "Merry Christmas," but what they really mean is, "What did you get? What did you get?"

When there is a blizzard outside, nobody steps out and invites a passer-by in; they just laugh when they see his trouble. Today, Christmas is just a big, commercial racket. When one turns on the television set, one does not hear, "Good will towards men," but rather hears, "Buy BLACK AND DECKER, only fifteen-ninety-five, for Christmas." Christmas just doesn't have any more meaning.

Jonathan Zyto
Grade 7 B

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

The real meaning of Christmas is giving, loving one another, and happiness to all who participate in celebrating Christ's birthday. Unfortunately, Christmas has lost all its original meaning; it has become a time of receiving, and not giving.

The stores look upon Christmas as a time of the year to become "rich" and to make a lot of money from people buying gifts to put under an aluminum Christmas tree, and from selling small toys to be placed in stockings hung by the fireplace, by anxious children. They rise early to go and see the stockings, to see what they have been left by Santa Claus, the biggest giver. The three Kings did not expect to receive gifts in return for their gold, frankincense, myrrh. The whole meaning of this time of year has been completely turned around. Everyone is sullen if he does not get the gifts for which he asked. Stores await Christmas, not for the spirit, but for the profit they will be receiving.

Richard Dale
Grade 7 B

IS THIS SANTA CLAUS?

One morning on the twenty-second of December, a man in a long, dark alley was getting ready for a giant theft. He was making a big red coat and matching pants with white trim. He also had a disguise kit. He was a crook, but he was dressing up just as if he were Santa Claus.

On Christmas Eve, he was going to rob a couple of Rockefellers' houses.

The night of the twenty-fourth came. He was ready. He had a black car. He was driving toward the Rockefellers'. They were all asleep in their golden beds with black velvet teddy bears dreaming about Christmas. He waited in a forest behind the house until one o'clock on Christmas morning. The church bell rang twelve and then one. He got up and walked toward the house. He went in the living room window and took all of the Rockefellers' presents and put them up his shirt. He went out the window and snuck away.

The next Christmas the same kind of theft took place, but he was trying to rob John-Paul Getty who was the richest man in the world. John-Paul went into his house and standing there was the thief. John-Paul took out his handgun and caught the burglar. The burglar was charged with attempted murder and two robberies. He was sentenced to death but he got away. He was never seen again, except on Christmas Eve when he came to haunt John-Paul Getty.

Brian MacFarlane
Grade 6 A

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

For Christians, the meaning of Christmas began with the birth of Jesus, many centuries ago. It now means many things to many different people. When we celebrate Christmas, we think back to the time when the baby, Jesus, was born in Bethlehem. The carols and the church services remind us of the true meaning of Christmas.

In modern times, we often think of Christmas as involving Santa Claus and gifts. This isn't really all that wrong because the spirit of giving is with us all. Perhaps Jesus meant it to be this way. Instead of His receiving gifts on His birthday, we give to each other.

Christmas will always retain its meaning, even though Santa and Rudolph have been added. Christmas still means happiness, goodwill, and memories that will last for a lifetime. The generations to come may forget many other holidays, but it is difficult to imagine the possibility of Christmas, and its meaning being erased from the world.

Christmas is for now, and forever!

Richard Attenborough
Grade 7 B

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

Christmas morning! The children all over the world run downstairs and drool over all the presents they have received. The only thing they think about is "GET!" They tear open one present after another and throw them in a corner without saying, or even thinking about saying, "Thank you."

Christmas should not be a time to think about getting; it should be a time to think about giving. At the time of the first Christmas, three great kings saw an unusually bright star over the town of Bethlehem. They travelled to the city of David and "gave" presents. They did not think to themselves, "If I give Jesus this present, He'll give me lots of gold." They were not thinking of themselves; they were thinking of Him; therefore, next Christmas, we should all concentrate more on giving than receiving.

David Miller
Grade 7 B

THE DESCENT

At four in the morning on December 25, I awoke, got out of bed, and awoke my brother. Having changed, we noiselessly crept across the room, being careful not to touch anything, and commenced the most difficult operation of all: the opening of the door.

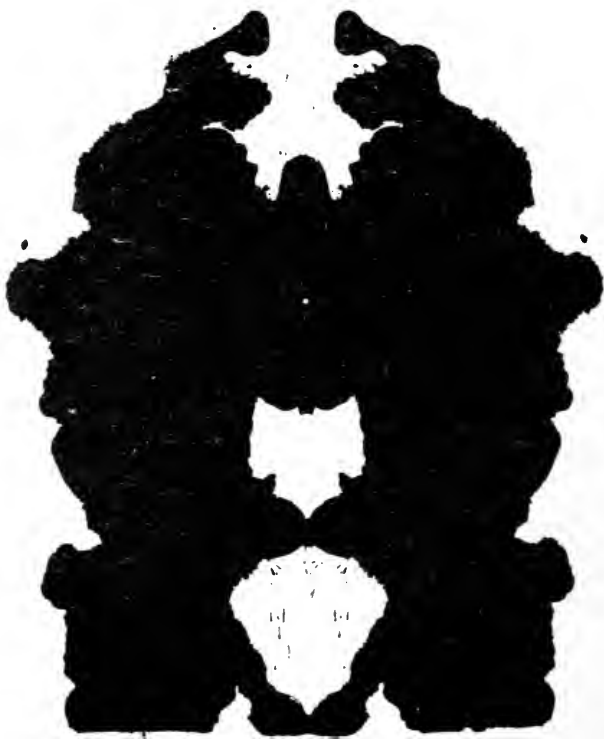
Making the least possible noise, I turned the handle and pulled. The noise emitted was like that of a draw bridge opening, and we waited on the doorstep, hardly daring to breath as we waited for the noise of someone waking.

Needless to say, it never came and we crept across the hall, making a noise like thunder. Then we started the descent of the stairs and were half-way down when, suddenly, my brother stumbled in the darkness and fell with the noise of a canon firing.

A fusillade of insults came from below and mingled with the noise of half the household waking.

We were severely reprimanded and returned to bed with heavy hearts, not because we had failed to see our presents, but because we had failed to even reach the bottom of the stairs.

David Hyder
Grade 7 A



Timothy Shorter
Grade 6 A

HAPPINESS

Running, playing in the sun –
These two things are so much fun.
Being warm and cozy in a bed,
Or sleeping out in a shed.

Hearing apples go crunch,
Eating oranges in a bunch.
Eating pizzas as a snack
At MacDonald's, it's Big Mac.

Sipping at my root beer
Singing birds love to hear
Climbing, playing in a tree,
Happiness is just being me.

Watching a to- to going up and down,
On a merry- go- round going round and round.
Making a foot in the snow,
To the movies I love to go.

In the world, I hope there's love;
Our God is watching from above.
So let us try to make Him see
There's happiness between you and me.

David Daly
Grade 7 A

OUR COUNTRY RESIDENCE

Excitement fills the fresh air as the boat reaches the harbour. School, a word completely out of my mind, and the thought of relaxation, nice music, miles of green forests and old friends, anticipate my oncoming vacation.

A quarter of a mile away lies our rustic cabin, almost completely made of wood. The front porch overlooks a rocky beach fronting upon a roaring, blue ocean. The back porch oversees an immense expanse of green which we explore almost infinitely. On the sunny days, we lie out in the baking sun for hours, and then refresh ourselves in the pool. The night life, with long-lasting dances, makes the air spicy.

Then comes the time to say good-bye. Our eyes, filled with tears, show sadness. While packing our suitcases, we reflect upon the memories of the past holiday.

On the boat, we look back at the sun setting in the mountains, unhappy, but looking forward to next summer.

Douglas Prescesky
Grade 7 C

THE BALLAD OF REMEMBERING

In modern times, our mixed-brains mingle with the past,
And think of one's years of youth before one's life is cast:
Of penny-farthings in the street and thund'ring trolley cars,
Of playing soccer in the field and eating chocolate bars,
Of pushing coins in slot machines and dancing to a song,
And going to the cinema amidst a boistrous throng.
Yet while one thinks of memories which are settled in one's heart,
The modern times in which we live will tear them all apart.

Michael Dungan
Grade 7 A

FUMER

J'ai essayé de fumer,
C'est plus difficile que de travailler.

Et vous?

J'ai essayé de marcher
J'ai réussi sans difficulté

Et vous?

Est-ce que vous avez essayé
De nager, de marcher, ou de fumer?

Moi, je l'ai fait!

Brian Dawson
Grade 7 C

THINKING IN THE GRASS

One quiet day,
I went out to play.
I did not stay;
I did not play
At the park
Even though it wasn't dark.
Instead, I lay down in the grass.
Not minding the people who would pass.
I began to dream in the grass.
I did not know what I should do.
My thoughts really grew.
I looked at a lily;
It looked kind of silly.
I looked at a tree;
I looked at a bee.
But I didn't see a thing today.
Over there is a flea;
Did it see me?
I did not know;
My thought didn't grow.
Would I ever do something?
Would I? Would I? Would I?
Then I thought,
and thought,
and thought.

Denis Stevens
Grade 5 A 85

BEING YOUNG

Being young was so much fun –
Running, playing in the sun.
Dancing, singing to a song.
Being young, I do so long.

Building castles on a beach,
My young days are out of reach.
Using a shovel and a spade,
From old to young, is a surly trade.

Then there was the hockey team –
Very bad we did seem.
But we were rugged; we were tough,
Even though the game was rough.

Brushing up for a date,
Going out was my trait.
Pretty girls were my pass;
Oh, she was a pretty lass.

Married and settled down,
In my love, I could drown.
A boy, a girl, was success –
The boy was Tom; the girl, Bess.

My children grown up and married,
My love for them I hope they carried.
Young again, I long to be;
My young days, I long to see.

David Daly
Grade 7 A

MY ROOM

My room has a ceiling,
And my room has a floor.
It has a large window
Beside my green door.
A picture of horses
Hangs from my wall.
Outside my door,
There is a long hall.
At times, my room's cheery,
Clean, tidy, and bright;
But most of the time,
My room's quite a sight!
I think my room's cozy,
But really down deep,
I think of my room
As a place where I sleep.

Brett Howard
Grade 6 A

THE GREAT JUMP

It was a sunny bright day with lots of snow,
I put on my boots, my skis and grabbed the tow.
Then I was on top and saw a spot of grass,
I started skiing down, but I was going too fast.
I lost my control and hit a big jump;
Then I landed with a great big thump.
I started to angle, but then I fell;
My friend came down and shouted, "Great jumps, Nell."
I said, "thanks, but I've hurt my jaw."
He said, "don't worry; I'll be along with your pa."
They took me to the hospital for an X-ray,
But the hospital didn't have much to say.
They said it was only a bruise;
I said, "Oh, great; that's really good news."

Ronnie Riley
Grade 6 A

MY DREAM

One day, I was sitting by my window looking out into the grey nothingness when I started daydreaming. I dreamed that I was playing basketball and that I was on my way to scoring thirty points. I was just putting shot after shot into the basket. I was passing and shooting and our team won 50-17. The coach was happy and so were our loyal fans. It was a dream come true. I was coming up the floor; I gave a pass, broke for the basket, and received the pass and scored. It was thrilling driving in for a "lay up" with the muffled roar of the crowd behind you. The cheering was like a little voice inside telling you to keep going. It was a once in a lifetime experience. Suddenly, I awakened to my cat's purring beside my face. Then I looked again into the grey nothingness and recollected nothing. It was lost from memory.

John Trott
Grade 7 A

A FORMULA FOR FAILURE

Some people specialize in long, intricate formulae which cannot be read and understood without the help of years of training; therefore, I have prepared a simple formula for the layman to produce an interesting brew of failure. One topic to look into is writing.

Messy writing can provide a very good start to failure. Square "o's," crossed "i's," and dotted "t's" will provide an infallible basis on which to fail. Having established this foundation, we can move on to more complicated mistakes.

Spelling, being a subject most teachers pounce on whenever they get the chance, ought to prove quite effective. Make careless mistakes such as: "faiure" and "omposition" to attract the teacher's attention.

Posture can now be attacked. Make a habit of slouching in your chair and walking like a hunchback with your toes turned in.

A negative attitude will then complete your prescription. If this seems to you rather hard to follow, try the road to success.

Duncan Baird
Grade 7 A

ENGLISH CLASS

Isn't it nice just walking past green trees,
And feeling that strong, cooling breeze,
Listening to whistling birds,
And the teacher saying, "That's absurd!"
Wishing we were in English class,
Doing W.A.I.. When people say, "Pass,"
I always seem to miss,
The teacher's old 'x' list.
But good things have to come to an end -
Even when I'm playing with a friend.
All those 'x's' I got in the past
Were for interrupting 6 A class.

Timothy Shorter
Grade 6 A

THE OLD MAN

He awoke one morning to find a new day born and the land covered with white. It was winter – the season he hated most.

He went to sleep for a spell or more and awoke to rain water and chilly winds. It was spring. He did not boast about the season he loved the most which was on its way.

He awoke too late – three quarters too late – summer was almost gone.

He awoke again to a window shutter banging in the wind. Autumn was here again.

It was said that, that day as he left, he took the seasons with him.

Brent Mc Phee

Grade 7 A

SCHOOL

A fool! A fool?

Don't be a fool;

Go to school.

Don't be a mule;

That's the rule!

James Small

Grade 6 A

SCHOOL

The sixth of September is the first day of school.

It is Autumn, so it is cool.

I have to go back – pen in hand.

I wish school were banned.

Grant Daly

Grade 5 A

DETENTIONS

Detentions are a lot of fun;
They always go off like a gun.

For this, you must fool around
And when the teacher turns, you frown.

There are many things to occupy your time,
Such as counting marks on a dime.

If the teacher does not notice your sentence has expired,
Start coughing, tapping, and pretending that you're tired.

If you discover, there is nothing to do,
Find a piece of paper to chew.

John Mulholland
Michael Stuchbery
Grade 7 A

SCHOOL

School is a place to learn;
It is a place to see our wrong turns.
With our pencils in hand,
We can write the required
Until we get tired.
Then school ends the day
And we are on our way.

Garth Barriere
Grade 7 A

TES DEVOIRS

Une des choses les plus effrayantes
C'est d'oublier ses devoirs.
Et ça arrive très souvent.
D'oublier où est la Loire,
D'oublier de faire le soir,
Quatre- vingt pour cent de ses devoirs.

Et demain à l'école,
Tout le monde rigole.
Parce que toi, tu es le seul
Qui a oublié de fair le soir,
Quatre- vingt pour cent de tes devoirs.

David Hyder
Grade 7 A

PLEA

"To err is human;
To be perfect, divine!"
So, please, Mr. Teacher,
Get our essays back on time!

David Hyder
Grade 7 A

KIDNAPPED

One day I was walking home from school when a dingy old man asked me if I wanted a drive home. I said I did. I walked into the car and shut the door. Strangely, I felt sleepy and fell asleep. When I awoke, I was in total darkness and in a quiet place. Without warning, I found myself in an underground hole, totally engulfed by silence. I tried to climb out, but I got covered more and more by a stream of dirt. I heard some men coming. They took out of the hole and tied me to a tree. A man said, "Ready, aim, . . ." Suddenly, my clock rang. The nightmare was over.

Paul Broomfield
Grade 6 A

ONE IN EVERY CLASS

I can still hear the words of the principal as he spoke at the first assembly of the school year. There was one phrase that remained clearly in my mind over all the years: "There is at least one of them in every class."

September 6, 1969 (just five days after I had ventured into the world of grade one), I was very pleased with that venture, especially since my brother was only entering his first year of kindergarten.

But something very unpleasant happened to me during the last five minutes of school on the date mentioned earlier. The teacher was reading to the class and all the children had their homework on their desks. I was fidgeting with my pencil, and unfortunately, I dropped it on the floor. I leaned over from my chair to pick it up. I started to lose my balance and instinct told me to reach for the desk next to me. I missed it and tumbled to the floor. The teacher looked up and gave me a quick, fiery glance. I returned it with a worried smile and the teacher continued to read.

I picked myself up. I grasped my desk for support, but when I had heaved most of my initial weight, my desk slanted sharply and my books slid down to my feet. The teacher jumped up, half in fright and half in anger. She marched to the blackboard and wrote my name along with, "detention, ten minutes."

I tried not to look ashamed of myself, and with my feet upon my desk, I leaned my chair back until only two legs were touching the ground. The bell rang and the teacher closed her book. "All right, children," she began, "we shall now sing our good-bye song. One . . . Two . . . Three . . ."

At that moment, I leaned back too far in my seat, and it crashed to the floor. I gathered myself up quickly and flung my chair back into position with a loud, echoing, "Oh brother!" I sat down with a bump and felt myself blush as I watched the teacher change the "detention, ten minutes" to a "detention, twenty minutes."

It then occurred to me that what the principal had said that first day of the school year was absolutely true. I started wondering who the "one" might be from our class.

Michael Dungan
Grade 7 A

MR. STEINHAUER

Long, skinny, grey strands of hair creep out of the dirty brown, wrinkled skin. Red and blue, bulging veins, resembling snakes, protrude from the sun-burned and peeling forehead. Big eyebrows, resembling slugs, hang over the the furtive, black eyes, set deeply into their sockets. Thin glasses hang from the long, snail-like ears and lie peacefully on the lumpy nose. Flat, flabby cheeks, resembling pancakes, hang over the massive, round mouth. The huge, square chin sticks outward. This is Mr. Steinhauer.

Peter Templeton
Grade 7 C

THE PATRIARCH

The elderly farmer, living in the Central Asian part of Russia, is the descendant of warlike races. He represents the remnant of once great peoples, who started their search for new lands in the Chinese plains. The blood of Huns, Goths, Ugors, Magyars, and Turks runs in his veins. He has surrendered the sword in favour of the hoe; the shepherd's crook has replaced the lance. The sheep dog has become his friend.

His clothing is simple – wool from his sheep has helped make his hats; jute, growing on his farm, carded, spun, and woven by the local women, has helped make his shirt.

His beard is scraggy, greasy from his previous meals. His face, lined with the hard work of many years, shows the satisfaction of age. His nose is proud; his eyes, searching. Above all, a goodness shines from his face. He knows from whence he came and where he goes. He has that biblical look. Deep down he is secure, and therefore, he gives strength to those who meet him.

Stephen Kohner
Grade 7 B

THE BYGONE FARMER

The sun that shone practically every morning symbolized the determination of the farmer. A farmer of Russia stood staring at his flock of sheep thinking of what he had achieved yesterday. First impressions from people probably would be, "Oh, one of those cranky, old-fashioned people!" The farmer remained thinking of what his mother told him before.

During this farmer's childhood, his mother told him that when he grew up he must work exceedingly hard at whatever he did. So now, after all these years, he wonders if his mother would be satisfied by what he had succeeded in doing. That hat on his head contains some similarity to little, squalid worms. His skin, wrinkled like burned paper, accentuates the impression of him as flaccid as paper. The beard suspended from his chin resembles sinewy, white thread.

This farmer can really only look back at his past and remember, for there is no future for him.

Glen Fong
Grade 7 C

HIMALAYAN PEAKS

Towering peaks of snow cover the Himalayas, whose mountains look like monstrous, deadly giants. Their kingdom stands at such an extreme height and size that they seem to reach up to space. The King, who towers above all of the others, rules everything throughout the kingdom. Snow never seems to stop falling from the sky, covering all things in sight. As a result, inky black clouds cause the whole sky to move wherever they move.

Struggling men trying to reach the mountain's summit can be seen, eager and determined. Just looking at the hazardous peaks, I presume that only the very daring would try to climb them, for I am sure that the mountaineers have heard of the so-called Yéti. According to people who have seen one before, the Yéti stands ten feet tall, twice as fat as a full grown polar bear, with hairy arms four feet long and fingers extending twelve inches. This may be hard to believe, but that stands out as the only reason why those men with dauntless hearts would climb the peaks in the first place.

Glen Fong
Grade 7 C

TERROR ON THE METRO

Once upon a time, there was a lady who sometimes operated the Metro and sometimes drove it. Wednesday, December 13, it was her turn to drive. At 5:45 A.M., only fifteen people were on the train. When the earthquake hit, five of them were killed and three were badly injured as the train turned over. The seven unhurt people did not know how to get help. They had tried to yell "help!" After they attended to the wounded, they went on to try to get out. A broken water pipe, lying nearby, prevented their escape. The water grew high. Again they tried to yell for help, but no one heard.

Yet they themselves heard the tapping of a tool. They thought of returning the tap, but they had nothing to tap with. They even tried tapping with their hands. They heard no reply. "No one here," they thought. Running toward a light ahead, they came to a chasm. They crawled through it, crying, "We're safe at last." Finding safety above, they returned for the injured. The hospital they found had been wrecked too, but beside it was a tent with a red cross on it. They took the injured in and they were helped.

Matthew Ullmann
Grade 5 B

NEVER OPEN YOUR EYES IN A DARK ROOM

It was dark that night when I crawled under the covers. There was hardly a sound to be heard other than the hooting of an owl. Sometimes, a small wind blew and I heard the flowing and sometimes drifting sound of birds' wings as they fluttered past my window.

Soon, there was a soft breeze blowing outside my window. I heard the owl's excited cries and the fluttering of his wings as he sailed past a tree. A drizzling rain pitter-pattered against my window. The noise outside continued to increase steadily. In a few minutes, the slow drizzle had become a down-pour. A crack of thunder ripped through the sky, followed by a flash of lightning. As the trees swayed in the wind, I heard a snap. Suddenly, there came a crash as an old tree-limb snapped from its safe hold on the tree. Soon, another flash of lightning came, followed by another clap of thunder. The rain beat heavily against the window as I tried in vain to close it. The house rocked with the world outside as if it would be pulled to shreds. . . . In time, the rain settled down to a drizzle and the wind once more stilled in the night air, and with this tranquility, I soon fell fast asleep.

Clark Schwab
Grade 6 A

THE GETAWAY

One day when I was going through the attic, I found a huge cupboard. I opened it. The first things I saw were some huge fur coats. Then I found myself climbing into the cupboard and pushing toward the back. I kept on pushing and pushing until I found myself in a large forest where I had been before, in my dreams. The next thing I knew was that I was putting on a disguise which appeared out of nowhere. Walking toward a grand palace, I was being followed by five thousand robots. Then I surrounded the castle and set up a large speaker pointing toward the castle. Speaking through it, I demanded that all the treasure be brought before me. Then I heard a canon behind me. The enemy had surrounded my troops. Then a sudden breeze came up and blew off my wig. As soon as the robots saw this, they knew I was a traitor and walked toward me with their spears and stabbed me. Then I found myself in the attic, coming out of the cupboard, with a fur coat on.

Geoffrey Reford
Grade 5 B

IN A HOLE

Suddenly, I found myself in an underground hole, totally engulfed in darkness and silence. I began to panic. The unknown terrified me. After groping my way about the enclosure, I determined that it was very small – about ten feet by ten feet. The wet earth was very cold. I was cold and lonely. I had no ideas about how I was going to escape from my underground tomb. Gradually, I became resigned to the fact that I should die a slow death.

Shane Brady

Grade 6 A

THE UNDERGROUND EXPEDITION

I was engulfed in the darkness of a deep hole. I fell about twelve feet, but I was all right because I had landed in soft, cool earth. There were a number of tunnels leading to different places. I knew one of them had to lead out. I took a guess and walked through a tunnel. It seemed as if it were a million miles long and would never end, but I kept on walking. After a while, I felt quite hungry and looked in the plastic bag I was carrying and saw that I had a couple of sandwiches, a few apples, and four pints of orange juice and lemonade. I ate a sandwich and an apple. With the walking and the food, I suddenly wanted to sleep. Approximately half an hour later, I awoke by hearing creaking noises. I thought it was the wind but decided it could not be because I was underground. I fled farther down the tunnel and found a rock large enough to hide behind. It was uncomfortable, but I managed. After a period of five minutes, I had discovered that there was a trap door behind me. It was heavy, but I was able to lift it. I went through and found myself in another tunnel. I looked around and saw a large crack in the wall and light was shining through. I ran toward it and was able to squeeze through. I saw a ladder, climbed up it, and saw that I was on the outskirts of my village. What an exciting and creepy day. My friends will never believe this.

Teddy Nash

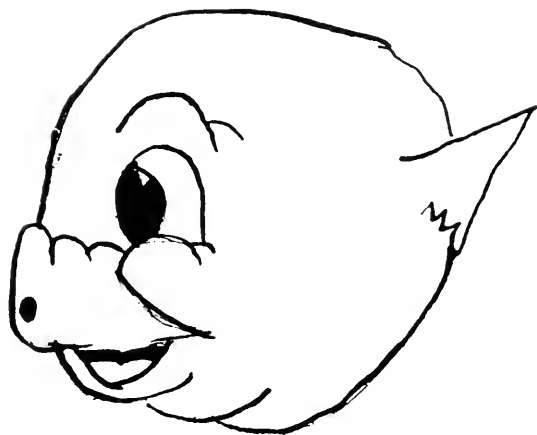
Grade 7 A

A FRIGHTENING EXPERIENCE

Without warning, I found myself in an underground hole, totally engulfed by darkness and silence. I was extremely frightened. I yelled for a long time. I felt dirty and probably had bruised a knee. In the hole, I had been in a mixture of water and mud surrounding me up to my ankles. I kept screaming out for my mother and father. I began to feel tired and I fell asleep. While I was sleeping, I dreamt that I was in a hole of darkness and silence. Upon waking, I realized that it had not been a dream. I was shivering from the cold and dampness. My mouth was dry from thirst and I was very hungry. I wondered if I should die in here or if someone would find me. I started to shout again, but nobody answered my shouting. I cried for a long while and started to get a headache. With mounting anxiety, I started to question myself how long I had I had been in here. Would my parents miss me and try to find me? I tried to remember how I fell into this hole. It was when I was near the old mine shaft not far from our country cottage, even though I had been told not to play in that area. Suddenly, I heard a dog barking and someone calling my name. I responded to that call at the top of my voice.

Shortly after, my father descended with a rope around his waist and with a flashlight in his hand

Mark Horonczyk
Grade 7 A



Archie Rolland
Grade 6 B

A MOON SCAPE

It was a dark, gloomy, and creepy night. Also, it was the time when the smell of death lurked strongly in the atmosphere. The utter stillness which hung heavily gave the feeling of a cemetery in the eye of a hurricane. The night was now wearing itself down, and already, a speck of light started to show on the horizon.

Suddenly, as if someone had turned on a switch, rocks began flying, volcanoes began roaring and exploding, crevices began opening and eliminating the moon's shadows. The atmosphere filled with movement and destruction. It was like a gaudy carnival.

The illuminated surface lay stark with bottomless crevices, soaring volcanoes, and waterless oceans. The ground was hard and dark; the ocean floor, soft and dull coloured. The sky was like an airport; the ground, like a room filled with books scattered around the floor.

Suddenly, it was over – the noise, the colour, and the movement in just a matter of hours. As night came, so did the silence of death.

Luis Martinez

Grade 7 B

THE MYSTERIOUS HOLE

Without warning, I found myself in a dark hole totally engulfed by darkness and silence. For a minute, I sat there wondering where I was. I felt around for something to hold onto; a stick was all I could find, but it served my purpose. Hard earth and damp moss was my footage. I got up and walked, for a while, into a prehistoric forest. I walked some more among the plants and tripped over a soggy, dead log and fell into a cold, mushy, half something, half mud swamp. I looked up at the moon and paused. I pushed myself out of the swamp with my stick that I had found earlier. Something spooked me and I ran. Panting and cold, I looked around for something to sit on and was successful.

After a while, I heard a voice. I looked around and saw an old man. He called me behind the bush. We talked and talked. After a long time, I came from behind the bush with information about how I might get home. He could go back for he was too old and feeble. I went to the location and rested, feeling dizzy. After the spinning feeling had passed, I found myself on earth where I lived and I looked around. It was the same place as I had been in, in the past.

Brent McPhee

Grade 7 A

THE AMAZON RIVER BASIN

By the Amazon River in the thick, humid air, one often smells the overpowering aroma from the trees and vines found along the Amazon's length. The slow moving piranha-infested river bubbles with a murky and muddy texture. The piranhas feed upon unsuspecting animals and humans. Crocodiles also abound all along the river's course. Vegetarian natives yell and scream as though trying to hide the parrots' beauty and the monkeys' incessant chattering, while trying to warn them of a leopard's approach.

Ross Bogert
Grade 7 B

ONE DAY AT THE SEA

It was a bright day. The sun had risen at six o'clock. The church bell was ringing for it was Sunday. I was standing on Mr. Roger's dock, looking at a distant yacht, waiting for him to arrive. Today, he promised me he would take me for a ride in his sail boat. His sail boat was not very large because it was a dark red sea snark.

It was approximately ten o'clock when the sail of Mr. Roger's boat, the Dolphin, came into sight. It took me approximately two minutes to enter the sail boat. We started to tack upwind. As I looked back, I could see the tiller. Whenever we turned the sail boat, we would have to duck or the boom would hit us. I had to hold down the daggerboard. Some sail boats have clips to hold it down. It was getting dark, so Mr. Roger let out the sail and we went racing downwind. He was an experienced sailor.

When we reached his dock, we derigged his sail boat. I had had a worthwhile day. Mr. Roger said he would sail with me again if I wanted him to, so I sailed with him every week from that day on.

John - Peter Guy
Grade 7 A

CIRCUS

A circus is a place of joy and laughter. The sounds of children laughing, symphonies of popcorn popping, Cracker Jacks crunching, and peanuts munching, bring joy to the human ear. The sight of little faces hidden behind monstrous mountains of gooey, cotton candy and children digging their white teeth into rosy apples brings happiness to the heart. When all the people are under the big top, the ringmaster starts us on our journey into dreamland. Then the dogs start jumping, clowns start clowning, elephants start dancing, and monkeys start prancing. The human cannon ball soars over the crowd. A circus is just one of the side show in the many adventures of life.

David Daly
Grade 7 A

DAD'S BIRTHDAY POEM

It was the night before Dad's birthday,
And thoughts were going through my head.

I thought of buying a bottle of lotion,
But that was out of the question.

So I got you this gift which is as sweet as honey
And it didn't cost any money.

It's a gift of loving and caring for someone special –
It's you – you're extra, super-terrifically special.

Your son,
Derek
Grade 6 A

IF I WERE A FRENCH FRY . . .

If I were a French fry, I wish I wouldn't be smothered in ketchup and vinegar. It messes up my chair. I should also wish to be put alone on a plate because when I'm around other French fries it smells of cooking oil. I also hope I wouldn't be thrown on the floor by some kid and get squashed. It would take a lot of work by my family to get me back into shape. Another reason for not liking small children is that they eat sticky suckers and then handle me. But worst of all, I should hate being eaten by a person with bad breath. Before a person eats French fries, he should use Scope. "Once in the morning does it you know." This is the end of my story, but remember my last saying, "Have pity on the little fellas, eh! Start eating vegetables!"

David Sharp
Grade 6 A

HAPPINESS AND REALITY

With squinting eyes and a joyous smile, the girl meets her husband; lagging, battered, heart-broken, returning from war. She is unaware of his condition. Optimistically, she greets him with a smile that explains the unknown. Awakened from the moaning, grieving souls, she answers her own prayer without facing or thinking about reality. Hair, brows, and cheekbones puffed with excitement add to the stalwart expression staring like a tall, graceful tree in an endless field of short grass. Her demeanour seems to show forth every possible feeling. The feelings she had long forgotten revived themselves tumultuously, and put each other to use in harmonic fashion; blending, stirring, mixing everything into a sweet chord, to which there was no apparent end. She was lost in her own world. The chord stopped as a crashing car hits a stone wall, and her expression died. Her eyes, cheekbones, and rounded mouth — they all died from the sight of her husband lying dead; her demeanour was shot by the last strand of war.

Sean Lafleur
Grade 7 B

THE LIZARD FORMULA

One bright summer day a teenage boy named Mike went to see his father's chemistry lab which was at Spiders' Creek, fifteen miles west of the main city. He went there to see his father's latest formula, but he had no idea what the formula was.

Mike arrived at Mr. Pete's lab at eight o'clock at night. Mr. Pete was his father's name. He knocked on the door, but nobody answered. Fortunately, the door was open so he walked in. Mike got the most frightening shock anybody ever had; he saw a lizard man in his father's desk. Mike walked over to the overgrown lizard, with his heart beating badly; he didn't know who it was, but just then, a tingle came to his brain that it might be his father trying out his formula. Mike was relieved to see the name pin on the lizard's jacket; it said Mr. Pete. Mike saw a book open on the desk; this, he surmized, contained the new formula for the lizard's potion. He looked around in the book for a lizard to human potion. After five minutes of searching, Mike found it on page five hundred and thirty-two. Mike followed the recipe, and when it was finished, he fed it to the lizard. In one minute, the body started changing back to its human form. After four minutes, the whole body turned into Mr. Pete. Mike was overwhelmed to see his father again.

Timothy Shorter
Grade 6 A

BIONICS

I have been studying the Egyptian science of two hundred thousand years ago. I have been fascinated by their techniques of amputating limbs and replacing them with mechanical limbs which are called "bionic." The Egyptians connected the veins from the body to a tube running through the bionic limb so that the blood still flowed through the body. They had a device which kept the bionic limb moveable. The limb ran on an electrical charge put out by the heart until death and the bionic limb worked until death.

The bionic limb was designed by a doctor who just made a machine to speed up the heart beat so that a man could work faster than usual. He never tested his machine so I decided to do a little research on this matter and try to sell my idea to some research hospital which was working on improving a lame leg or other lame limbs. I had to somehow gather some money so I had to get a job. Later, I found one – giving driving lessons.

My first day of teaching was a failure. I had an accident while I was driving. My student thought I could not drive so I was kicked out of my job. Since my first job had flown away in one day, I walked into a store that sold electronics parts for radios and television. I felt like a failure but I asked quickly, "Sir, do you want an assistant who knows a lot about electronics, mechanics, physics, and bionics?"

"Yes. What a coincidence! I was just about to put up a sign. You have saved me some trouble, you know," my new boss replied, "but what is bionics?"

"Oh, I should rather not explain it now. It is complicated," I said, thinking the answer would take a lot of explaining. Without much confusion, we worked quite quickly and steadily until one day I told my boss that I was on my way to a better future. I told him that if he wished to join me, he would be welcome.

He agreed; and when the time came, I told him of my discoveries and the meaning of bionics. We worked eighteen hours a day until we had developed the first bionic limb since its first discovery two hundred thousand years before. I could feel fame flow through my body when I sold my idea to Oscar Goldman, who produced one, half bionic man and one, half bionic female. I won the Nobel Prize in 1974; and from then on, I had no worries about money.

Sebastian Gault
Grade 5 B

A FORMULA FOR FAILURE

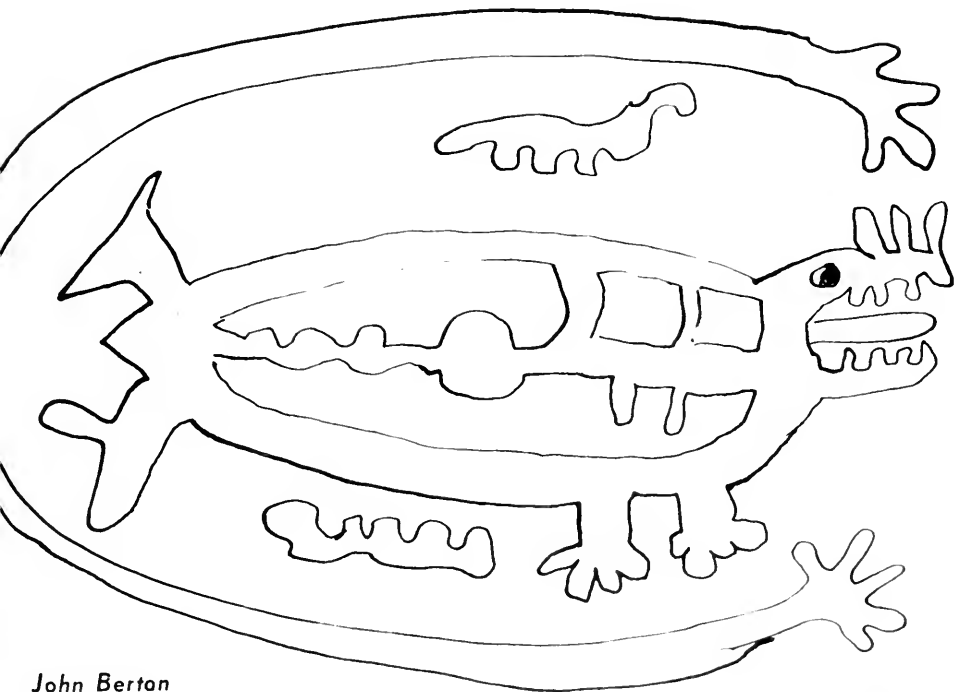
Brent Floon, an American artist, was a peace-loving fellow who despised war. He was understandably upset when he was drafted to fight in Vietnam in 1969.

Upon his arrival at the examining room, where he was to have his physical, he swore to himself that he would do everything in his power to get out of the army. During the examination, he hit the doctor's ear, screamed into the nurse's stethoscope, played darts with the hypodermic needles, and ate a tongue depressor. Unhappily, he still passed his physical.

He was flown to Vietnam on September 16, 1969 and became the cook for Troup 17. Still trying to get out of the army, he doused the hamburgers with laxative – the men were sick for days. Next he was put in "Communications" where he spent his time knitting telephone wires together. He was soon transferred to the ammunition depot. That night, he took a can of paint and painted all the guns pink. When asked why he did it, he said that he did not find them aesthetically pleasing.

That did it; he was sent home in a padded truck.

*Allan Hirsh
Grade 7 A*



*John Berton
Grade 7 C*

WHEN I GROW UP

I wonder what I'll be when I grow up? There are so many things I could be that I don't know what to choose. Every time I choose something that I think is good, I find something better. I know I shall be something. But what, who knows?

If I were an astronaut, I might fly a rocket to Mars or Jupiter. I could be awarded a medal; I might even be considered a hero. But if I do want to be an astronaut, I should have to train a great deal before I go into space. That's the bad thing about being an astronaut.

If I were a surgeon, I could save the lives of people who are very sick. I should have my own office and my own secretary to take care of people who need an appointment. I might even have a chair that swivels. But I have heard that surgeons have to operate at times like one o'clock in the morning. I wonder if there is a better job.

If I were a scientist, I should do lots of experiments using test tubes to hold chemicals. I should keep files – records of my results. I might even make great discoveries, but I have found out that sometimes experiments are not successful. I wish that wouldn't happen.

If I were an inventor, I might make a robot that is like a human being. He would be able to walk, talk, eat, drink, sleep, and even shake hands. I might even invent a method of transportation that could take people over land, over sea, or in the sky. Maybe, I'll invent a rocket that can take someone to Pluto. But like a scientist, sometimes an inventor causes a disaster when he tries to invent something. That frequently happens. That's bad.

Now that I've told you some of the things I should like to do, all I have to tell you is which one I'll choose. Why don't you wait until I'm twenty-one? By then, I should have the answer. So just be patient until then.

Colin Chang
Grade 5 B

PLACES ON A MAP

In this composition, I am only talking about places I should like to visit, why I should like to visit them, and when I should like to visit them. I shall speak of the major towns that I know of in the countries. I should like to visit so many places that it's not funny.

I should very much like to go to South Africa because my mother was brought up there for twenty-seven years, and she says it's just beautiful. Her sister, whom I have only seen once for half an hour, is there. And I'd like to visit Table Mountain, Devil's Peak, and Lion's Head, all near Cape Town, the capital, not to mention Mount Kilimanjaro, the highest mountain in Africa. That covers Africa, but of course, I'd like to visit the whole of Africa.

I should also like to visit South and Central America. I would not visit Guatemala until they clear it up. Central America consists of Guatemala, British Honduras, Honduras, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama, and the Canal Zone. I would like to take a cruise to British Honduras and stay about a month and learn the culture and have a good look around it and then I would like to cruise down to Honduras and spend a month. This would all be done in the best weather, of course. I should like to visit San Pedro Sula, a town in Honduras, and also, the capital Tegucigalpa.

Next on the list would be Nicaragua and a visit to the capital, Managua. I might take a look at, or a swim in Lake Nicaragua. If I did that, I'd like to sail across the lake and get a suntan on Ometepe Island. Then I might rent a car and drive down to San Carlos. I should take a day and walk across the border to Santa Rosa which is about sixty miles away. Of course, I'd have plenty of food and water and a tent tucked in a knapsack on my back. One thing for certain—I should have to learn Spanish.

Andrew Woodall
Grade 5 B

LOST IN THE YUKON

Up to the Yukon went Christopher and his father. They travelled by a private airplane which was skilfully driven by Mr. Samuels, Christopher's father. They had been flying for many hours when Mr. Samuels suggested that they camp out in the forest. Of course, Christopher could not refuse. His father found a crude landing strip on the edge of a windswept forest. They each got out of the plane which was two hundred miles from any civilization. The icy winter wind blew fiercely on Christopher's face and he started to feel very insecure. Mr. Samuels could tell that Christopher was not enjoying this so he suggested that they not camp out.

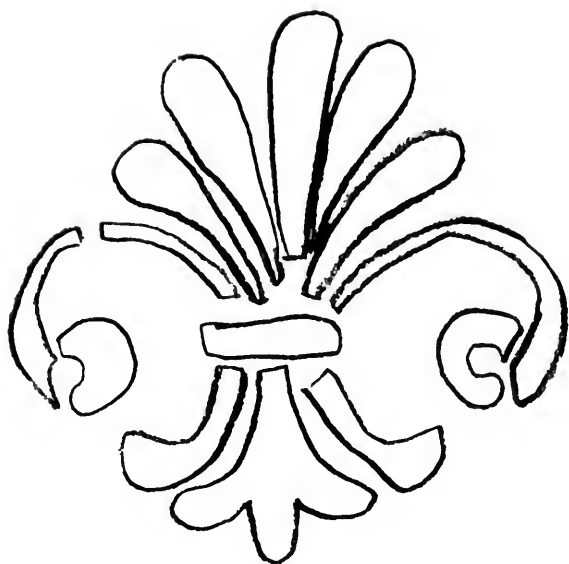
Christopher ran to get into the plane as his father made a futile attempt to start the plane. The battery was dead. Mr. Samuels tried the radio. It, too, was not working. They got out of the plane to get the supplies which were in a compartment near the tail of the airplane. The cold wind seemed to blow harder now and the sky grew dark. Mr. Samuels knew a bad blizzard was coming. He walked back to the cockpit and found his son was very sick. Gently, Mr. Samuels put the limp, sick figure in the back seat, closed the two doors, and attempted to repair the radio.

After many hours of work, he got the radio functional again. With a blizzard raging outside and a sick son inside, Mr. Samuels radioed the closest airport. The man at the tower said that they would rescue them, but only after the blizzard. Christopher was now very sick and Mr. Samuels gave him his rations in hopes that they would help him regain his health.

An hour after, Mr. Samuels went to sleep, praying that his son would be all right and that the blizzard would let up. In the morning, Mr. Samuels was awakened by a loud noise. He looked out the cockpit window and discovered that the blizzard had stopped and the rescue plane had already landed and three men were coming toward his plane. The three men took Christopher to the rescue plane. Mr. Samuels followed them.

In the plane, he found his son with a blanket covering his whole body, including his head. Mr. Samuels looked up to one of the rescuers. The man nodded. Tears of sorrow filled Mr. Samuels' eyes; and as the plane took off, Mr. Samuels kissed his son for the last time, on the forehead.

John Shannon
Grade 6 A



Andrew Dobell
Grade 5 B

CAR WASH

Water spurts from silvery pores and sprays the gritty metal. Withstanding this attack by its creator's wishes, brilliant flashing light escapes the watery prism. The roar of cleansing waters beating on their prey diminishes. Dust is carried off by a proceeding warm front, and spinning pollen buffs its miserable prey. The price has been paid. Great metals shine, but dirt will soon destroy all efforts.

Robert Spiegel
Grade 9 A

THE CLOCK

The hands rotate slowly around the pale, white face, moving at a steady pace. Slowly the weights of life become heavier as they move down their path toward death. The pendulum swings with a heartbeat motion as it slowly comes to a halt. It has stopped. The weights cannot continue their course in a desperate climb to resume their line of life. The clock strikes death.

Jay Welsford
Grade 9 A

THE DANDELION

In that, place, there was great commotion. My aunts, uncles, and relatives were getting ready for the long journey ahead. We had all lived together for several months, or, to put it more clearly, for the whole summer. It was becoming colder every night. We were all becoming old and grey.

We had lived there for so long, it seemed. We were all "one happy family," a unit even when the honey bees came spreading fear through us all. But now, all our co-operation was about to be dissolved as we all readied ourselves at each gust of wind. Sad good-byes were said over and over again. The wind blew.

My neighbour blew off down the slope. I waved. As the night fell upon us like a great, black blanket, we "closed up shop" and shut ourselves in. To be blown away at night was horrible.

In the morning, we were awakened by the wind blowing through the trees. We once again readied for a possible departure. More and more of us were disappearing. Today, the wind was blowing fiercely. I was sure that I should be gone from my summer home. The wind came on strongly and I felt myself being carried away.

For several minutes, I floated. I landed in a patch of grass down the slope. Looking up, I could just make out the small remains of a dandelion of which I had been a part until I was carried off to become another dandelion.

Richard Whitehead

Grade 8 A

AGE

Age is but a number –
a series of small figures.
So, do not worry, my father,
you're not getting any older;
You're just accumulating years.

Simon Lane

Grade 9 B

STUPIDITY

Stupidity is a quality –
nearly the highest you can get.
The more stupid you are,
the less you have to fret.

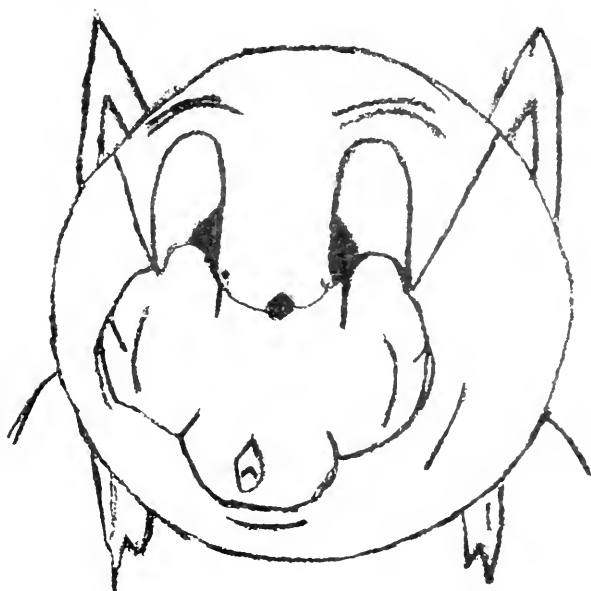
Simon Lane
Grade 9 B

A 'SUNDAE' DRIVE

The chocolate road winds gradually through smooth ice cream snows, toward the illuminated cherry top. Behind, jagged almonds are perched boldly upon whipped drifts where the blood of many strawberries exists. Giant spoons bulldoze the frozen mass of cream, creating a deep tunnel. Descending. Our well-flavoured drive expands our stomachs with overwhelming pleasure.

Mark Davidson

Grade 9 A

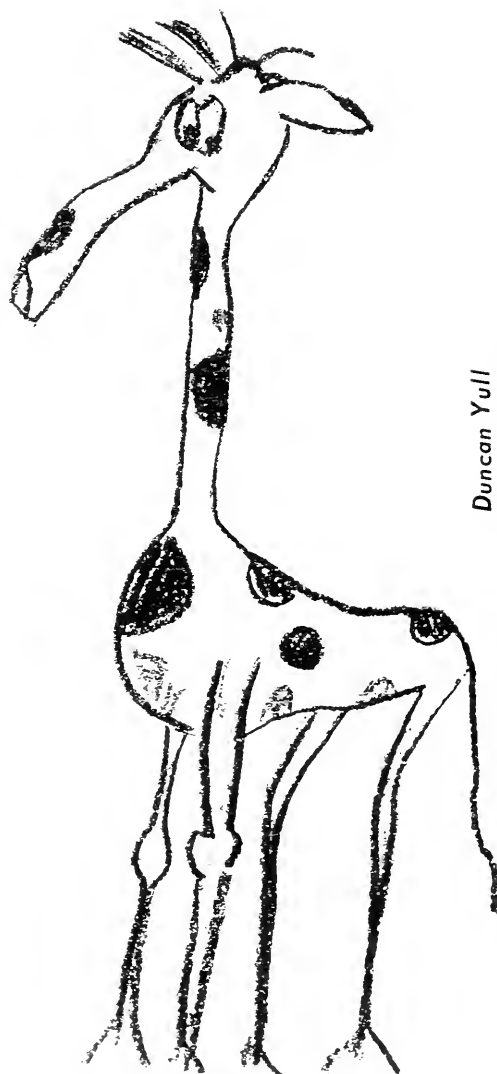


David Sussman
Grade 5 A

DIRT

Dirt, dirt, filthy dirt,
Drink and eat, breathe it yet.
So used to it some people get,
They don't know how they are hurt.

Kristian Stiefenhofer
Grade 7 A



Duncan Yull
Grade 5 B

STAIRCASE

You ascend the continuous staircase step by step, but you cannot see the top. The rhythmical sound of footsteps echoes through the dark skies. With each step, a piece dies until there is nothing left to kill. And now, the top can be seen as your last footstep fades. The sky is clean and clear.

Jay Welsford
Grade 9 A

RACING AGAINST THE DEVIL

Long, muscular legs extend and reach to possess more of the cinder track. He races against the ticking, white devil whose hands quickly circle across his numbered face. The runner's legs expand and contract, reducing the distance between him and the finish. His heavy chest breaks the white string. He beats the devil's record, and others will now follow.

Jay Welsford
Grade 9 A

THE LEMMINGS

Waltzing carelessly along until a trip cord, hiding in the air, breaks their rhythm, they stumble recklessly, and then in one smooth, fluent motion, drop into a pile with all the rest who have done the same. After seeing what the first lemming has done, the others follow as if they had no choice. One, having fallen in the water, picks himself up, hoping no one saw his mistake; he presses forward.

James Common
Grade 9 A

TRIUMPH

A few years ago, in a musical camp, I learned how a skill can win friends. It all started when a young boy, neither too handsome, nor talkative, arrived alone, on a Sunday afternoon. My friends and I thought it would be nice to have him as a friend, but all the possible ways to approach him proved to be hopeless.

So, after having ignored him during a week, we came to the conclusion that it would be worthwhile to try again, and we invited him on a motor boat trip. To our great surprise, he mumbled "yes" with a faint smile. Early next morning, we were gone. Since it was a beautiful day, we decided to explore Ox Bow Lake which was connected to ours by a long and straight channel. We were just arriving at the channel's exit, when suddenly the motor stopped. The sky was becoming black. We were all frightened, except the boy who, without a word, opened the motor case and inspected it. Meanwhile the rain had started falling. Undaunted, the boy, aided only by a screw driver, managed to start the motor again. Triumph! We spontaneously applauded him and felt a bit silly in front of him. Of course, we turned around and headed for the camp, and needless to say that from this day, we had great consideration for him.

Edmond - Jean Bernard
Grade 8 A

NAIVETE

Pure as the proverbial eidelweiss,
Naiveté lives
Only to die,
For time educates all.

Stephen Beresford
Grade 9 B

BLACK AND YELLOW BEAUTY

Perched on the ledge of a bird feeder, the grosbeak displays his large, handsome chest. It glows – a marigold – reflecting the evening sun. His black wings contrast the yellow, emphasizing both. An executioner's hood on rounded shoulders, is shining black. A conical be completes the black silhouette against the yellow sky.

Peter Oliver
Grade 10 A

THE COUNTRY FIELD

Rhythmically, the waves moved together with each cool breeze. The waves of greenness flowed across the field. Undulating calmly, it sounded like water breaking against a forest shore. Like waves of water, they hit each other, producing an alien sound. An estranged lake with a nondescript smell. had ceased its rippling for the night, but it would rise and move again.

Nathan Fong
Grade 9 A

HIS THEORY

Fire rose: east, west, north, and south, four fiery figures followed Zephyrus, Eurus, auster, and Boreas. In a cosmogonical centrifuge, the airs were spun through the seasons of the earth and in all the oceans of water. Where the quaternity of elements ascended in special concord, they bore a tetrad of terrestrial wings. And so Empedicle made . . .

Arthur Hsu
Grade 9 A

THE TROUBLEMAKER

. . . the quietness returned.

Then again, the wind blew at the loose and half-sleeping leaves, again destroying the hopes for sleep. The disturbance would reach the first leaf, and then the second. The leaves immediately cleared their vocal chords and cried to the wind to end the foliage of silence. They wished to sleep.

Then, after a long while, . . .

Nathan Fong

Grade 9 A

THE DUNE

The dune, a desert wave, shifted her smooth, rippled surface. The gritty rivulets flowed through the heat of the day and the cold of the night. A traveller, she, time and again, recalled her solitary, mountain origins while sight seeing in the very sun, storm, and winds that had exiled her. She found companionship in the listless band of travellers and voyage instilled a love of motion as she drank the cup of poisonous conformity.

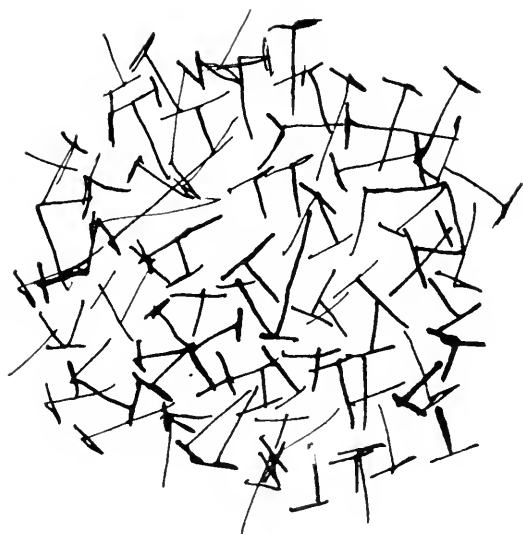
Michael Whitehead

Grade 9 A

MIRAGE

He stumbled and fell painfully to the sandy cushion. His throat was dry and his whole body was dehydrated like a frozen dinner. Suddenly, on top of a knoll, he saw a paradise with trees and a beautiful pond. He picked himself up; and with every bit of strength left, he made his way to the spot. The paradise moved farther and farther away and he stood looking at the sun. He fell and his face was buried in the desert sand.

Blake Jolin
Grade 9 A



Christopher Paton
Grade 8 B

THE TUMBLEWEED

The tumbleweed, an acrobat cajoled by the wind, turns cartwheels, spreading tender, new skin along the dusty desert. Hardly breathing, she prances at the caprices of the wind. The amaranth broke her roots to follow an endless trail leading nowhere. She attempts to see everything on her voyage, waxing vivacious and happy, but she is unable to enjoy it in the silence of death.

Michael Whitehead

Grade 9 A

THE CAVE

The cave, deep in the old face of the weather-worn mountain, lies as a piercing black eye which never seems to see. Approaching this eye, one sees it is shallow but filled with the warmth and light of the face surrounding it.

Andrew Scott

Grade 9 A

THE WATERFALL

The chilled drops fell over the cataract like dead leaves in the autumn. In the late afternoon sun, the interminable avalanche of water frosted its surroundings with snow crystals. These water sapphires, as perfect as the harvest moon, formed more spectrums of colour like the cornucopia of Thanksgiving. Down the cascade, outlined by churning water, eddies swirled into the whirlwinds of glowing sparks from a September bonfire.

Arthur Hsu

Grade 9 A

A RUSHING WIND

She was hurrying through a crowded and exasperated city. She knocked down everything in her path. She was half-crazed with excitement, anger, and curiosity. What might be over the next hill? Running, jumping, flying – she was even capable of doing these things! But she did not care. It was Christmas.

Sam Gold
Grade 9 A

BENEATH AN ICICLE

Pity me, a timeless spectator to the icicle's meteoric fall, a Damoclesian sword. Darkness and cold, my only solace; day brings agony. The icicle sweats its life blood away: drip, drip, drip, – the Chinese water torture of its cold blood streaming penetrates my pores. Arms outstretched, I invoke the pagan Sun's aid; his healing rays are concentrated, prism-like; my eyes are sore but bloodless. My shrivelled caricature laughs, and I despair to watch as the Gorgon falling pierces the shell spreading its venom through my body; turning my heart to ice.

Michael Whitehead
Grade 9 A

THE SNOWBALL FIGHT

Each body hurls its cannon ball of snow across the white sea, engaging in a battle of wits and strategy. The pirate is larger and stronger than his small adversary whose cannons can shoot but a short distance. Apparent victory now changes hands as a huge projectile is thrown by the small one and it strikes the pirate's bow and weakens his senses. Eventually, the small adversary returns on his route home, having defeated his opponent.

Mark Davidson
Grade 9 A

THE SNOWSTORM

Cloud gliders darkened the sky and dumped their white parachutists. Slowly descending, the white soldiers invaded and conquered the gold and red land. More and more, the white forces landed until they overcame the earth. The ground now lay under the domination of the white. Inevitably, green would supersede white; and the red, the green, and the white again.

Alfred Lemaitre

Grade 9 A

THE TREE

The tree is like a book, its leaves turning, waving and folding in the hands of its powerful master, the wind, in the same way that a book's leaves bend to the power of its reader. On a tree, each leaf has different characteristics as the veins twist their ways among each other like characters deeply intertwined in a murderous plot.

As fall approaches, the leaves slowly change colour as the personalities of different figures slowly develop; and in the end, they fall to their places beneath the great branches, the characters maturing and departing as the story closes, and winter and death close in.

Gordon Ballantyne

Grade 9 A

BRAGGING TO HUMILIATION

At the time when the area had first been developed, a number of trees had been planted. The region had industrialized heavily since then, and vast residential sections were being constructed for the workers. In one of these new sections, a park had been created to preserve the growing trees.

The tallest of them, a majestic maple, towered far above the others. He took great pride in his unusual height and natural beauty, and looked forward to the spring when he would once again be clothed in extensive foliage.

In late September, the telephone company sent out a crew to begin erecting poles for the coming lines. As it turned out, one was located not twenty feet from the lovely maple. "Look at this ugly foreigner," exclaimed the maple with a disdainful sneer, "he doesn't even have any branches. This neighbourhood is certainly going downhill!" The other trees swayed with laughter. The telephone pole, however, showed not even the slightest reaction to this insult.

Winter soon fell upon the land, and the park lay down to rest for the dormant season. All signs of life left the trees, and for the time being, all was quiet and serene.

When spring finally came, the trees began adorning themselves with foliage; and by summer, their attire was complete. As the hot months of July and August progressed, the maple took great pride in the fact that more people sought shelter in his shade than in that of any of the others. "Pole," he scoffed, "your shade couldn't even cover a leaf!" He haughtily rustled his leaves and spread his branches even farther apart.

By fall, the leaves were beginning to turn colour and drop off one by one to the cold ground. "Pole," shouted the maple, "notice how all the people are coming to collect my leaves; I don't see anyone scraping off your tar." The surrounding trees dropped a few extra leaves in the ensuing laughter, but the pole remained firm and erect in his foundation, hardly noticing his apparent lack of beauty or public appeal.

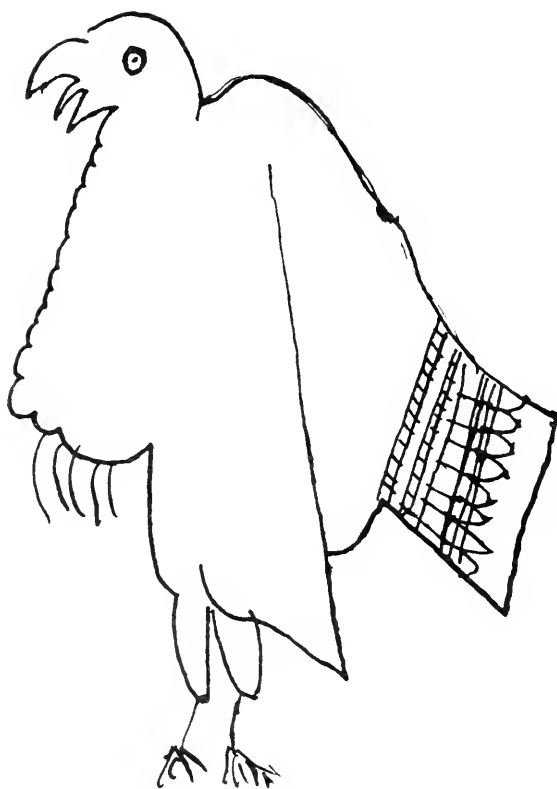
Then winter was upon them. The temperatures dropped, and soon, the trees stood bare. The snow followed, and gradually, it covered the land and collected on the bare branches. For some time now, the maple had been a little quieter than usual for, you see, the snow and ice was becoming quite a strain upon his trunk. Everywhere, life was peaceful and serene.

When the storm struck, it took them all by surprise. Howling winds and whirling snowflakes unleashed their fury upon the town, and soon, the drifts had completely immobilized the population. The maple was swaying with the wind; and now and then, a branch snapped off. The telephone pole, however, remained quite steadfast. Suddenly, a tree on the other side of the park fell with a resounding crash. "It's lucky I'm so strong," thought the maple, "otherwise . . ." With an inhuman shriek, the wind tore him up by the roots, and sent him hurtling to the ground. "Help," he screamed, "don't leave me here; I'll be burned - destroyed; I'll be . . ." Then the wind drowned him

him out and the drifts began to cover him. The telephone pole stood as he had since the very first day – strong, straight, and firm; he never even smiled.

Bruce McArthur

Grade 11 A



Jeffrey Neumann
Grade 8 A

A COMPOSITION FOR MARKS

"Think, Tom, think; you have to write something for tomorrow. It has to deal with experience, remember. You have to cram all your experience into one page; put your feelings in ink.

"That's it, Tom. Put your brains out on that cutting board. Now, pick a luscious piece. Don't worry; you can let Mr. Cameron fool around with it, just get it onto paper. Mr. Cameron can decide the fate of an element of your brain. Why not? Just give it to him, and let him mangle it. Go ahead, you chicken.

"Wait! He's brainwashing you, Tom. I didn't see that before, but he would be able to control your mind. Since he would control your mind, and your brain controls your body, he gains control over your body too. You had better hold on a second, Tom. I'm not quite sure of what to do.

"I've got it. Why have I been blind before? Tom, put that piece of brain back into your head, right this minute. We're not going to let him control you, no way. Now, cut open your big toe, and give him a piece of monotony. That's it. That should fool the old geyser for about seventy marks. Now, go and hand it in.

"What! He's already entered the marks. That no-good mastermind is always looking to cut down his students. Too bad, Tom, but you shouldn't be writing for marks anyway."

Mark Bandeen
Grade 10 B

THE WRITER

The tears fell as the rains fell – upon shoulders of stone.

And one more buffalo died from the piercing grasp of the arrow in its side. It was one more souvenir above a mantelpiece – an oppressing situation, uncontrollable and unstopable.

A Dutch diamond inspector watches the natives working his mines for his diamonds. His life depends upon the arms of these men – for them to extract enough of the precious materials. Once in a while, one, or a group of the blacks revolt, but it is in vain.

The writer sits dismayed at the thought of how he hadn't been able to save the buffalo and how he wasn't able to save the negroes. He got out of his bed to close the door of his garage to stop the rain from coming in.

Richard Iton
Grade 9 A

AMBITION

I live in the shadow of other poets.
Let them play hide and seek
While I catapult over them in the sunlight.

Daniel Dydzak
Grade 11 B

A POET IS NOT . . .

Regardless of what you may have heard –

A poet is not a metaphorical wizard
Who takes some pink lizards
And moves their inky claws over hocus-pocus paper –
A mystic prose forsaker.

A poet is not a solitary mountain
Circled by the silent madness of plain;
Nor a climber of Everest
By simply surmounting a hill crest.

A poet is not a juggler of bouncing
Words that cause contradictory pouncings
In a topsy-turvy mind –
Crazy kinetic thoughts that do not easily bind.

For if he were, this poem would certainly be absurd.

Daniel Dydzak
Grade 11 B

VISIONS

As I gazed up at him, I could see his face in all its sin and ugliness. I hated it. It had such an air of cruelty about it that it made me shudder. For this was the face of a man whose life had been scarred by debauchery and the seeking of pleasure for pleasure's sake only. Each line on his wrinkled face, each silver hair on his head told its story. How much alike him I was!

He shuffled past buildings, buildings whose beauty and grandeur had been replaced by loathsomeness. Each finely sculpted column, each meticulously carved pilaster, wore the look of age, of corruption, victims of a depraved society.

And he passed people just like him: the same surly countenance, the same look of morbidity, the same hideousness of sin. These were the products of decadence. They sensed that their end was near, that they would soon reach the base of their gradual hill of dissipation, yet they did not repent. "Let us enjoy it while we still have it," they said.

Then, an earth-shattering roar and this veritable Sodom and Gemorrah was destroyed – completely wiped out, leaving behind remnants which plummeted onto the lands below. But I shall have to end this foolishness now, for the mountain is getting muddy and I shall not be able to climb down.

Benjamin Shaer
Grade 8 A

NIGHT

The roar of
overhauled engines
dies.

The echoing
footsteps
resound through
darkened alleys
where
a lone dog howls
in the cold.

Street lamps
falsely illuminate
rutted roads.

The city is
put to sleep.

Duncan McDougall
Grade 9 C

PHOTOGRAPHIC INDEMNITY

The strip of negatives lay, set aside in the darkroom. Blocked from direct light, it looked like opaque plastic. I held it up to the light. Only one frame was exposed. I remembered leaving the scene quickly and not waiting to finish the roll before developing it. Something had caused me to go away.

The snap of the enlarger switch seemed to be the noise that the image made, as if it were lifted from past reality and then dropped onto a white paper – a kind of magic that every photographer pictures when he ignores the intermediate steps. Staring down during the exposure, I remembered how I felt guilty that I was invading someone's privacy. Kneeling under the limited cover of a tree, I had been taking pictures of an old beggar sitting outside a church. He had a tin cup in his hand. A priest came out, still dressed in his black robe, and I prepared to take a picture of charitable communication between two strangers. But what my camera caught was a hypocritical churchman, with his head held high, walking past the old beggar whose arm was outstretched – pleading.

Looking at the negative, I found it ironic that the priest's robe should be so white. I placed the paper in the developer and waited, a feeling of guilt still lingering in the back of my mind. The black robe appeared first, leaving the priest faceless. The beggar appeared next, his shabbiness creating a warm, homogenous, grey tone which blended with the background and gave an impression of sincerity such that the priest seemed out of place beside the church.

I lifted the print from the developer while the priest's face was still cold and white, lacking definition, in order to create a sense of evil – I was exercising the right of deception which all photographers feel they are entitled to do. Stop bath froze the instant and then fixer made sure that its record would never be faded or lost. The scene stared back up at me as the moving picture slowly sank to the bottom of the tray, and I was pleased. For who could ever see, in that print, the way in which I had left my post as the old beggar walked toward me, his arm outstretched.

Ronnie Schouela
Grade 11 A

IN ANOTHER LAND

It was Tuesday afternoon and I was suffering through a dull history class. The teacher rambled on about the relationship between the growth of capitalism and the rise of the middle class. I really was not very interested. The minutes wearied me; and head in hands, I began to doze off. I do not know whether it was a dream, a vision, or what. All I knew was that images were forming in my mind.

I saw myself alone in the desert sitting calmly in the sand. In the distance, I saw a beautiful stream with exotic flowers growing around it. I felt like bathing luxuriously in the cool waters; but somehow, I knew it was only a mirage. I smiled secretly to myself. I looked at the sun and my eyes burned. I was blind. Seeking relief, I threw my head against the warm sand. I made a vow that I would never do that again. Somehow, I knew I would.

Far across the dunes, I saw a long, nomadic caravan. Beautiful men and women, wearing magnificent, gold jewelry which glowed mysteriously, walked slowly beside their animals and children. Nothing seemed to disturb these people. Their faces were relaxed. I felt like running madly to greet these awesome creatures. Then, a strong voice warned me. I was alien to these enigmatic figures who were slowly walking across the endless carpet of sand. I knew I could never be accepted.

So, very disappointed, I remained in my squatted position and reconciled myself. I picked up a handful of sand and ran it through my fingers, slowly. There was something in that sand – something different, something mysterious, something I knew I was about to discover. . . .

Suddenly, the vision began to fade and I was back in the classroom again, head in hands. It was as if someone had turned off the tap that was quenching my thirst. I wanted to know more about myself seated in that lonely desert.

I looked up and the whole world seemed to have gone through a great metamorphosis. Away, far off, I could hear a voice calling me.

"Sullivan!"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what's the answer to my question?"

"Pardon, sir?"

"Where have you been, man?"

"I don't know, sir; I really don't know. . . ."

Kenneth Clark
Grade 9 A

SCHOOL DAYS

The old man was sitting in his chair by the window. Behind him, the antique floor lamp shed a mellow light over his shoulders. He was reminiscing about his school days, with his grandson.

"I remember our school uniforms: grey trousers, blue blazers with thin lapels and gold buttons, narrow ties, and white straw hats. I spent a good part of my youth in a school uniform.

"It was great fun to go to the school soccer and rugby matches where we would shout ourselves hoarse, cheering for our teams. As we got older, we used to play pranks on the other teams. Once we went as far as to release a few untrained fleas in the opposing team's uniforms. That game was very interesting, and thinking about it still brings a smile to my lips.

"Of all our classes, Latin was the most enjoyable one as our old Latin master, old Mr. D. B. Gumby, was a good fellow. He was a kind fellow with only stern warnings and Latin verbs for punishment. Only once did he expel a boy: and that was after Cleese Jr. had thrown Gumby's desk out the window. You see, Cleese was always up to something in Latin class. The teacher's desks in our school were not very large so it was not difficult for Cleese, who was a large boy, to lift the desk through the window. After much huffing puffing he had all but one leg through the window. Just then Gumby walked in! When he saw what Cleese was doing, he grabbed him by the ear and took him to the headmaster. Cleese returned to school a week later. It seems that he had been expelled for a week. That was the last trick Cleese pulled on Gumby. Ah yes, those were the days.

"But school was not all untrained fleas and light weight desks. Looking back on it now, I see that school was to bring many benefits to my later life. It helped me to be a good companion and sportsman, enjoying life, and most of all, it taught me to use my mind. I am convinced now that my life was enriched by this good education."

Chris Rowland
Grade 8 A

SCHOOL DAZE

The artificial seagulls streaked across the pink sky; their metallic cries pierced the placid silence of the bay. Their wings fluttered rhythmically, grotesquely. On the blood-red sand, the black bull bled oil through a cut pipe in its throat. An iron horse carried its knight up the slopes of the yellow hills, up to the green-starred heavens. The sun, a huge orange, covered half the sky; purple and pink light radiating from its edges into a welter of coloured glass.

On the blue sea, my little sailboat passed the mainland, its small sails catching the breeze. The bow pointed toward the open sea.

Above my boat, the sky is blue and the sun shines true. A graceful, white albatross, its yellow beak shining, flies above the mast, pointing out the way; joyful dolphins follow in the dancing wake.

A good breeze carries me forth under the press of canvas and soon the mainland will be out of sight; and I, alone, with the wind, the sea, and the albatross, shall sail into the uncharted seas.

Giovanni Galeotti

Grade 8 A

ROY

There was a boy
Whose name was Roy.
He lived in the city
With his little, white kitty.
The cat said, "Meow."
And Roy said, "Ow!"
Because the cat bit him,
Roy hit him
To end the story of Roy.

Benjamin Shaer

Grade 8 A

ANOTHER DAY

Small sticks of chalk flew across the disorderly classroom and out the window into the crisp, January air. In the corner, a group of students leaned against the cupboard door as someone tried to free himself. The next moment, the bell rang. Everyone tucked in his shirt and rushed to the side of his desk, to wait for Mr. Pips, the English master. The acrid odour of burning fish escaped from the twisted vents and permeated the silent classroom as a middle-aged man walked through the door.

"All right, sit down," he said as he flung a grey briefcase on the chip-ped desk. Mr. Pips opened his case and pulled out a pile of papers. "I've corrected your essays," he said with a twisted smile.

We had been waiting to see our papers for over a month. One by one, the students picked up their papers at the front of the room. The teacher called my name. As I approached the desk, I saw a big "F," marked in heavy, red ink, stand out against the white sheet of paper. My head dropped until my chin touched my throbbing chest. The thought of facing my parents dominated my mind. The bell rang. As Mr. Pips was leaving, he pointed at me and told me to do up my tie; however, I remained motionless.

A flash of pain penetrated my swollen heart when I handed my father the paper. He leafed through it and put it down. "Don't let the mark bother you, son," he said.

My father was right for life must continue. Tomorrow is another day.

Michael Holy
Grade 10 B

THE MASKS

In the middle of the classroom sat a young, red-haired boy, feet tucked neatly under the desk, arms folded across the desktop. He focused his eyes on the teacher and left them there, letting his thoughts wander, but maintaining an attentive appearance. He longed for the three o'clock bell which signified the end of the worst day of his school life.

When the bell rang, the red-haired boy rose slowly from his desk, picked up his schoolbag, and left the class, saying a perfunctory "Good afternoon" to the teacher as he walked out the door.

Outside the class, he saw three of his classmates talking. Rather than proceed down the stairs, he waited until they had left, put on his coat and departed.

As he walked home, he thought of the day's events, and how, purely by chance, one of his classmate's remarks had hurt him.

This hurt feeling had been previously unknown to him, for, during the first six years of his school life, he had been able to protect himself by creating many masks around his real self. He had had a mask for almost every event, and had considered himself and his masks invincible. If he had been afraid, he could have put on a mask of courage; if he had been sad, he could have put on a mask of happiness. Similarly, he had made it appear that he was a friend to everyone, but never had shown any special affection to any particular person. In doing this, he had felt that he would have been liked by everyone, and would have never had to be bothered by others' teasing of him. To him, his strategy of life had been infallible – the sole solution to the problem of combating the hardships of human nature. He would have been popular, and therefore, successful, and he would have had his masks to protect him from anyone who might have seen his weakness.

But on that day, the red-haired boy walked home – unhappy, unlike the type of person he should have been according to his plan. Something had gone wrong, and he knew there was nothing he could do.

During the preceeding weeks, he had sensed a change overcoming his classmates, something which he had not accounted for originally. Due primarily to his popularity, the red-haired boy had received more attention. Many boys had tried to joke with him in order to win his friendship. They had begun to know him better. Slowly, they had peeled away the masks which had been so carefully molded during the past six years. Finally, just hours before school had ended, they had struck the core – the EGO – and it hurt him. He had then realized that he was defenceless.

The red haired boy arrived at his house, walked up the front steps, and opened the door. Before him stood his mother. Sensing his sadness, she put her arms around him, remaking his shield, but this time, a clear and honest one – not a mask.

THE COURSE OF WISDOM

"You know," said the old man to the children assembled before him, "I have seen much of life, and let me say unto you that it is very beautiful. You have not even begun to savour all its unique beauties. You have not even begun to realize how bizarre, and yet, how wonderful life really is. You have not even begun to understand that the misfortunes of life are, in actuality, your fortunes. Let it be said, then, that life is a bittersweet mixture of one's fortunes and misfortunes. And from this, let it be said that failures and successes abound in life, and that we learn from them, the true meaning of our existence. Think - think, my children, about these divine thoughts which the Almighty has sent from my lips to you."

He paused and remained hypnotized in silence with his head bent ground - wards and his eyes closed.

Most of the children sat silently in the small chapel, not knowing what to make of the man's words, while others whispered in nervous confusion with their friends.

"What's that strange, perfumey smell?" asked a small boy, softly.

"Don't know, but whatever it is, it sure stinks," said another.

"It's special incense from India," answered an older girl, trying to show off her intelligence to the other Sunday School children.

"I don't care what it is. It's making me sick. I got to go to the wash - room."

"When's he going to finish?"

"He's weird. Look at the way he dressed in them fancy robes."

The old man then lifted up his head and opened his eyes. Was not that period of silent thought beautiful, he asked. He looked around the room at all the children, and they nodded their heads in dumb agreement.

The last thought I should like to give you is that glory is the Messiah, and that the Messiah is glory. Your young souls, my children, will be blessed with eternal glory, if you obey and answer the wishes of the Almighty. Remember that, my beloved ones, and the angels will bless you when you enter the Kingdom of Glory, the Kingdom of Love, the Kingdom of the Almighty.

The children applauded politely. The old man bowed, and then waved his left arm through the air in a sweeping gesture.

Miss Peterson, the nun in charge of the Sunday School, walked up to the front of the room where the old man was standing, and said, "It has been an honour to have the prophet, Asid Yamodi, with us today, and we greatly appreciate his spending half an hour of his valuable time with us. His lecture was very enlightening. I am sure that other children will gain greater insight into life, as he travels across the nation to speak with them. Thank you again, Mr. Yamodi."

The old man smiled and thanked the children for their attentiveness.

"Would you now get your coats, and go to the bus to go home, children,"

said Miss Peterson.

said Miss Peterson.

The children left the room. One noticed a nun giving the old man a sealed, white envelope.

In the bus, the children were chattering loudly, most of them relieved that the lecture was over.

"I didn't understand him at all."

"We missed our milk and cookies because of him."

"I thought it was very enjoyable," said the older girl.

"It was ridiculous," said a boy seated next to her. "He's just a silly, old man."

Everyone, excluding the older girl, was inclined to agree with him.

Danny Dydzak
Grade 11 B

THE READING

I was not a good speaker and never will be. The audience makes me nervous; the fact that I have stage fright adds to the problem. Unfortunately, I have to read at tomorrow's assembly.

The day before the designated time of my humiliation, the headmaster arranged a small meeting after school to discuss the passage from which I was to read. At three forty-five, I arrived at his office and he summoned me in.

"... but sir, I'm not capable of such a heroic feat."

"Now, now, it's very simple," said the principal.

"Another reason I can't do it is because I know I shall come down with some sickness. As a matter of fact, I know I shall. I'm about due for my monthly cold." I then added a few very convincing sniffles but to no avail. So after a little pleading and threatening by the headmaster, I had no choice but to come.

Surprisingly, that morning, after a long night, I woke up. It was snowing heavily now and I decided to hurry for fear that I would be late, which I managed to accomplish thanks to the buses.

Just as I came in the front door of the school, the headmaster was about to finish the prayer, and was saying it very slowly at that. I rushed to my locker and came upstairs. Everybody eyed me as I made my way up the centre aisle.

The headmaster looked relieved as he sat down. I proceeded to the stand

and stared at it. Five seconds passed. I turned to the principal and whispered to him, "Where is the Bible?"

"You were supposed to bring it," he replied.

"Well, ah, I kind of forgot."

On the verge of complete disorder, and in desperation, he thrust a book at me, from under his cloak. To my disappointment, it was not the Bible, but a paperback edition of *KARATE MADE EASY*.

Another five seconds passed as I was trying to find a suitable selection to read. I chose the "Introduction."

"Karate is the ancient art of weaponless self-defense and counterattack. It is a sport which requires much time and patience to master. But now, beginning today – merely by glancing through this book . . ." I decided to cut off at that point, finding it unsuitable, and then started again.

". . . and don't let mashers, molesters, and purse snatchers get the better of you. Karate will infuse you with the brand of self-assured confidence that will set you apart in any crowd as a man – or a woman – to be reckoned with!"

Without hesitation, and quite calmly, the headmaster proceeded with the next item. "Now a sports report by . . ."

After: Leacock, "My Financial
Career"

Bernard Kyong
Grade 11 B

THE MIRROR

The mirror need not say anything; for, what it sees is very clearly exhibited on its face. It is a con-artist who is never brought to justice, or found out for that matter. For what shows is the exact opposite and I could never understand how the part in my hair moved from the right side to the left.

James Common
Grade 9 A

THE IMAGE

As I was about to enter the office of the family counsellor, I was slightly upset by the silver face which he had instead of glass in his door. His name was printed on the mirror, I. C. Allman. As I entered his office, his glasses reflected my fears. He began to help me rebuild my family; he gave me an image of myself and looked inside me, pulling solutions from my mind. When it was time to leave, I turned to see the next person nervously preparing himself for the interview. Then, I realized it was a two-way mirror.

Richard Iton
Grade 9 A

MANKIND

The colourless winds
cover a white plague
seen by the world.

Man slithers forward.
He beats his fellow man
and falls backward.
Each leaves the other alone.

Will man ever agree?

There was hope

" . . . We came in peace for all mankind."

David Dorr
Grade 11 A

LEAF

A leaf
flutters,
lands,
rests,
rots,
and fertilizes
leaves to fall.

David Dorr
Grade 11 A

MEN IN A HOUSE

Men in a house
search
for the door.

Downstairs, men
fight to look;
they find walls.

They climb upstairs
puffing and letting
each other pass.

They look for the
door; instead, they
find windows.

Sleeping up there,
men dream of
finding the door.

Did they ever think
of leaving the same
way they came in?

David Dorr
Grade 11 A

THE FLEDGLING

The fledgling
lying on the ground
chirping and fluttering
grey wings –

I picked it up
and placed it in
the nest

I knew it would fall
another day.

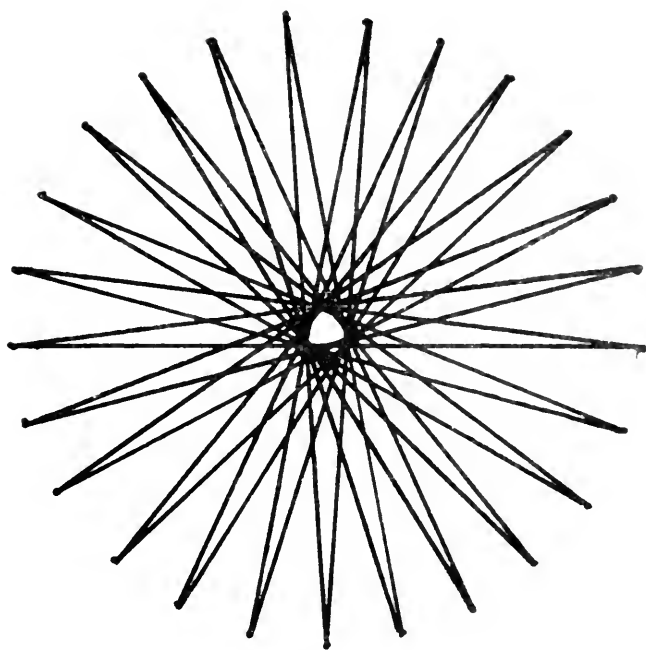
David Dorr
Grade 11 A

HANDS

Hands with long fingers
creep toward the sky.
Puckered with age,
they move slowly
to grasp the wind.

David Dorr

Grade 11 A



Ali Argun
Grade 7 B

DESOLATION

I spent most of my time in the basement, listening to music, and thinking about my friends. For the past month, my mother had kept on saying that my friends were no good, and that they used me. She said, "If you don't believe me, all you have to do is let them call you instead of your calling them." So, for three weeks, I sat in the basement listening to music – waiting, waiting for someone to call.

I thought and waited. Suddenly, I heard the telephone ring. I jumped up, and answered it only to find my brother saying that his new apartment was beautiful. I sat back for a few more minutes. By nine o'clock, I couldn't take it any longer. I started telephoning my school friends. They were either away for the weekend, out, or tired and did not want to go out. I, then, proceeded to call my friends from the other schools and my neighbours. Most of them had gone to the concert. Yes, the concert! How I longed to go; however, the few people I had asked to go with me had all refused. All the others had similar excuses not to go out with me.

I looked through my address book and came up with my final chance – an old date and a good friend of mine named Debbie. I quickly dialed her number.

"Hello," answered a shy, little voice.

"Is Debbie in, please?" I asked.

"One minute, please."

Debbie came to the phone and said, "Hello."

"Hi, it's Tim; remember?"

"Of course, how could I forget?"

"Listen, are you doing anything tonight?"

"Not that I know of, but if anything comes up, I'll let you know. I'll give you a call in ten minutes; bye!"

"Bye."

I hung up the receiver and anxiously awaited her call. I was excited, and it felt good to know I was going out. I watched the minutes go by. Five. Ten. Fifteen. Twenty minutes. I couldn't wait so I called again. This time Debbie answered the phone.

"Hello."

"Hi!"

"It's all right. Anyway, would you like to go out tonight?"

"Well, I'd like to, but I just remembered that a friend of mine is having a party." There was a few seconds of silence. Then Debbie shouted, "Tim!"

I put the receiver down. I did not realize what had happened until a few seconds later. It was true; I had no friends. I tried to convince myself it was not true, but I knew I was wrong. I went to bed realizing that tomorrow would be another day.

A FEARSOME POSITION

Football season was here again, and it was time to learn a new position on the team. At least, I hoped I should learn a new one. The last one really confused me and the last thing I needed was to be assigned it again. Then, I heard the football coach's voice, "Common, you have your old position again because you played it so well last year." I could hear the silent chuckles from the rest of the boys. I remembered unwillingly the mistakes I had made and my mouth felt very parched; it was going to be a bad year. No one seemed to understand my plight – let alone care about it. The coach's voice broke my train of thought, "We've got a game next week and you all better know your positions by then." It seemed very clear now; I had one week to live.

The week, passing so quickly, might as well not have been there at all. If I could go through the game without a problem, I deserved an Academy Award for I hadn't practised at all. I could hear boys discussing what they had to do and I prayed they would not quiz me on my obligations. I ran onto the field for the first play of the game, and before I even knew it, the game was underway. Four opposing blockers came rumbling down the field toward me. Their ball-carrier was right behind them. The next thing I knew, I was picking dirt from in between my teeth. Faintly, I heard my coach screaming, "Common, what do you think you're doing?" I watched our opponents revel in their touchdown.

"I don't know, sir," I said in a low voice. I left the field – this time hearing the sadness of my teammates.

"See me in my office – tomorrow, at eight o'clock," said my coach in a condescending voice.

"Yes sir," I murmured. I could feel doom sitting on top of my head, laughing. It just kept on laughing until eight o'clock the next morning.

James Common
Grade 9 A

THE SIXTEENTH REBIRTH

The grey ice, motionless and unforgiving under a thin film of clear water, reflected the sun and broke it into its basic colours. This prism of ice caught Mark's attention. He often walked this street pursuing his problems or even clearing his mind of the excessive input from the harsh society. The breeze suddenly carried a chirp. Then another one – a higher pitched one – warmed the chill remaining in the air. Gold filled the last icy crevice and the white blanket slowly shrank. A clear liquid flowed onto the streets and mixed with the brown, hungry brine. Mark began to understand what was happening.

As he continued, Mark discovered that his legs could no longer support his weight; his muscles had yet to be strengthened. His feet slipped from under him and he landed on his buttocks. Suddenly wet, he enjoyed the smell of the ground, and the crispness of the new shoots of green calmed his anger. When Mark stood up, a sudden sensuality came over him. The road, smooth before, was suddenly holey and the air no longer choked or blinded him. Growing rivers gurgled by. Their flow could not be stopped.

A very long block lay ahead of Mark. It was lined on both sides with trees. The warmth in the air gave life to their nakedness and their masses of swaying branches tended to be confusing and hypnotic; but the road ahead of Mark stood out much more as he walked farther. Many grand houses on each side looked appealing, but Mark knew that his home was at the end of the street.

Waldemar Bockler
Grade 11 A

AFTER THAT, WHAT THEN?

As I sat in solitude
A thought came to my head;
"Where," thought I, "shall I go
When I am surely dead?"
This question puzzl'd me terribly
Though I pondered it now and again
Till I heard tell
I'd go to heaven or hell,
But I wondered,
"After that, what then?"

Benjamin Shaer
Grade 8 A

GAMES

Jonathan and Graeme had been playing marbles for almost two hours. Both showed such intense concentration, it was hard to believe they were only nine years old. Graeme was easily the better player and had started off scoring doubly as high and fast as Jonathan. However, there was one marble with which Graeme had become totally pre-occupied and which was making him quite obnoxious after half an hour of futile attempts. Jonathan had also tried to hit it several times as there was not really an inordinate number of marbles surrounding it, nor was it very far away. He, too, had been unsuccessful, but was not as adamant as Graeme and was able to ignore the troublesome marble as he proceeded to catch up by knocking the unattended marbles out of the game. Finally, the annoying marble was the only one left. The scores, at this point, were indistinguishably close.

Throughout the game, the boys had been continuously irritated by the presence of Jonathan's younger sister, Sedoni. At first, the boys had permitted her to watch on the condition that she be absolutely silent. She was contented that the boys had noticed her at the time and obeyed for almost three-quarters of an hour, which Jonathan thought must have been a record of some sort. Inevitably, she tired of her speechlessness and with all good intent made a patronizing remark. Jonathan had just made a bad shot and immediately blamed Sedoni for disturbing him. He was losing at the time and informed her to leave the room immediately. Sedoni reacted with all the obnoxiousness of which she was capable and which she had been able to control for the forty-five minutes.

Several times per minute, she would stick her head through the door and make some baiting remark – quite successfully annoying the two boys. The boys continued for more than an hour in their efforts and incensed with themselves, they didn't think of the consequences as they moved to the far corner of the room where they thought the chances of hitting the marble might be better. After observing this exercise in futility for fifteen more minutes, Sedoni finally felt confident enough to do what she had planned to do as soon as the boys had shifted their position. As fast as she could, she raced to the marble, picked it up, and ran through the other door and down the back stairs.

Nicholas Gault
Grade 10 B

PARACHUTE

The wind rattled the ancient skin of the airplane. I stood poised at the door, waiting for the signal to throw myself into the air. Much went through my mind in those short, few seconds. The flimsiness and age of the airplane seemed to emphasize the thin, silk mushroom and its responsibility for my life. The parachute was the only thing that could catch the otherwise indifferent air and prevent me from hitting the inflexible land below.

The signal came. I jumped and left my fears above me. I opened my eyes and a fantastic scene presented itself. In the clearness of the day, I could see for miles in every direction. An opaque haze hung over the distant city. It gave it an almost dream-like quality. Directly below, the checker-board fields were streaked with grey ribbons. Seemingly motionless dots speckled them. Above, I caught the glint of the sun, reflected from a streaking airplane.

As I fell, the wind tugged more and more violently at my suit. The earth seemed to rush at me with ever increasing speed. Fear crept through me. What if the 'chute didn't open? The cloud over the city seemed blacker, as if it were hiding the true face of the city. The fields were something from a horrible game board, unyielding and there was no escape. Tree stumps were altars and the trees, pointed pitch forks. The pleasant shades of green changed to khaki camouflage.

Suddenly, the straps on my shoulders pulled sharply upward and the parachute fulfilled its purpose. The soft, cushiony field rose slowly to catch me as I swung gently in my harness. I landed with a jolt which activated my body. I had work and responsibilities to fill with the parachute, which had been, for the last ten minutes, my life.

Timothy Large
Grade 10 B

THE LOAN

I brought in the mail, but with little enthusiasm since the only things I ever received were bills. I didn't even turn the light on in the gloomy apartment, even though the only light came from one, dirty, cracked window; I had to conserve my money. I sat down on the rickety chair in the shabby, one-room apartment. I had leisurely made myself a coffee and now started to thumb through the letters and their contents. All the letters, except one, contained bills. I eagerly opened it and examined the contents. Bewildered, I found myself recalling an incident which had occurred seven years before.

The bright, morning sun shone onto my hospital bed. Adjacent to my bed in the plain room was another, neat, white bed. In it was an elderly man, sleeping, with his constant worried look. I lay awake, thinking how lucky my room mate was for he was to be discharged that day, but I still had to stay five more days. Although he would be released before me, I remembered that he had been in the hospital for three months because of the broken back he sustained on the construction site of a new skyscraper. I had only been there since last week when I had my motorcycle accident. I recalled coming home from a late-night lecture at the university and the poorly-lit road. I hit an unseen pothole and flew over the handle bars, breaking an arm, a leg, and cutting myself badly.

Later that morning, a doctor walked up to my roommate and said, "Hello, John. You have progressed so well that we have decided to let you go home today. As you know, you still have an outstanding bill of twenty dollars which must be paid before you leave." Unfortunately, after paying all his other expenses, my roommate didn't have any money left. The only thing he had ever talked about was his desire to leave the hospital and be re-united with his family. I felt sorry for him so I offered him the twenty dollars. He refused at first, but I finally convinced him to take it as a loan, even though I knew I would never get it back because of his poor condition and his lack of employment. He was delighted to leave the hospital, but he was determined to pay me back and he made me write my name and address on a piece of paper for him. He was discharged and I never expected to hear from him, or to see my money. After I was discharged, I came upon hard times and everything went downhill.

*

*

*

The letter was in front of me, on my old desk, and I stared, bewildered, at the contents. Glued to the front of the letter was the piece of paper with my name and address which I had given my roommate seven years ago. Inside was three hundred dollars – just enough to pay off my debts. The loan I had given as a "good deed" several years ago, had been paid off with a very handsome interest.

Roger Osmond
Grade 10 B

MODERN JUSTICE

The sixteen year old boy walked into his house, and went into the dining room where his parents were eating. "Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad. What's for supper?"

"You're late," bellowed his father. "Where have you been?"

"I've just been out around the neighbourhood," replied the boy, somewhat surprised.

"Don't give me any of that bull!" roared his father. "You were out with those friends of yours from school, weren't you?"

"A couple of them, yeah. So what?"

"What were you doing, anyway? Smoking pot?"

"No, we were shooting heroin!" replied the boy, belligerently. He left the table, went to his room, slammed the door, and locked it.

"Come back here!" yelled his father, in spite of his mother's constant attempts to quiet him. He kept yelling for fifteen minutes.

*

*

*

The boy had been in his room for three hours. His mother knocked on the door. "George? Could you please open the door?" She said the words gently, and he unlocked the door. His mother came in.

"George, I know you're mad at your father, and I know he was a little unreasonable. . . ."

"A little unreasonable? How would you like it if someone accused you of using drugs — especially if you've never done it?"

"Your father is very neurotic about drugs and he doesn't like your friends. Now, I've given him a couple of tranquilizers, so you can talk to him. Why don't you apologize to him, and we can end this silly fight."

"But I'm not wrong! He is! He should apologize to me!"

"I know he should, but if you wait for that, you'll probably be waiting for days. Just go ahead and apologize."

"Well, all right. But I still think I'm right."

The boy walked downstairs from his bedroom to the living room. His father was sitting on a sofa, watching television.

"Dad?" said the boy.

"Yes?" replied his father, expecting the apology his wife assured him his son would give.

"I'm sorry if I upset you at the table."

"You did upset me. And your mother. But I won't hold a grudge. Apology accepted." He went on watching television. The boy went into the kitchen to look for something to eat.

Michael Vanier
Grade 11 A

ANGER AND HAPPINESS

When you are happy, alas,
One cannot tell you apart
From a swinging chain of Promethean fire.
And I am the shattered rock, ever-grasping.

But when you are happy,
I am a fountain beam,
Caught in the twinkle of Venus' eye,
A waterfall speck of spraying laughter and kisses.

The Gods and I are glad you are mostly happy.

Daniel Dydzak
Grade 11 B

FINGER MELODY

The wind brushes its fingers
lightly across my face
as I silently sit
Dancing fingers that
run through my hair
and gently press against my body
making me think
of your teasing, curved ones.

I still feel them stretching
over my skull bone
(as though you thought it a round pearl)
and tapping quickly on my heart
like some constant, quivering pulse
Oh, I remember our fingers
laced together in an affectionate grasp;
and try to forget
the long, pink nail that scraped
my inflated, plastic conscious
puncturing our relationship,
blowing our fingers apart.

Daniel Dydzak
Grade 11 B

THE PASSING OF THE SEASONS

(After Carl Sandburg)

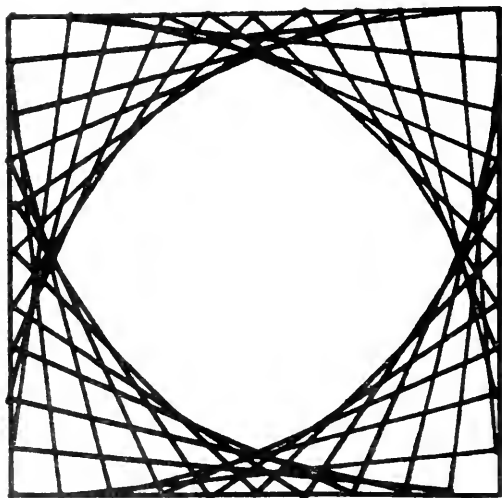
After her funeral,
Petal ashes fall from the nicotine sky;
And forget-me-nots explode
In ripened brain pods.

She was the cycle of my seasons:
A fringed phacelia blowing kisses in spring;
A female cicada humming love lullabies in summer;
Giver of butternuts and red witch-hobble berries
From Autumn's basket;
Painter of blooming snowdrops
Frosted on Winter's canvas.

I wonder, Mother Nature
Was a cigarette butt,
Freshly imprinted with lipstick folds,
Her ultimate deflowerer?
And tell me, what was the reason
For the cancerous pollen
That terminated the passing of the seasons?

Daniel Dydzak

Grade 11 B



Ali Argun
Grade 7 B

FATHER'S THOUGHTS ABOUT HIS FLEEING DAUGHTER

You stole forth like a wind hush
Against a hazel firmament.
Yes, I saw.
Do you think I could not see
The nasturtium ribbons
Streaming from your watercress hair,
Hear the leaves ruffle from your russet-floss blouse,
Smell the warm coolness of winter cerry
On your windburned lips?

Daughter, damn your innocence
 damn your beauty.
He will, you know. — after a while.
Winds never stay with the same breeze.
Why, he's a
 sky vagabond
 rain alcoholic
 tornadiac.

He'll be child calm
 then dotard tempestuous.

With him, there'll be few rainbows,
And mostly lightning.
He'll blow you blusterously apart.
Remember, you're not the mountains
 not the seas —
 only a whiff gliding over them.

He's no good, I tell you.
Why, his core is a hollow sunburn
 his mind, a hissing cyclone.

So please, foolish daughter, come back.
Maybe Cherubims will not be at the gate
And I'll let you in.
Maybe the clouds will cover for you.

Daniel Dydzak
Grade 11 B

STAR PARTY

At the party, Hostess Theba Orionis,
wearing a necklace of four purple diamonds,
laughs at her father's blazing sword.

Her dizzy brother, Pleiades,
spins ultraviolet eyes nowhere.
Bored, blows hydrogen cigar clouds
at his pet monster, the emerald-eyed Crab nebula.

Meanwhile, Sirius and Procyon
stare down at foolish dwarf relatives
intoxicated by electron-charged Constellation martinis.

And beautiful veiled Nebula,
dressed in a diaphonous star-spangled negligee,
happily rides Cygnus the Swan.

Tricoloured Zeta Cancri
smiles at Sagitarius,
asks about mutual gravitational attraction.
"After," he says, "after, in the Andromeda Room."

Hoops of orange and blue fire confetti
rocket from the hips of the U Upher twins –
starflakes, muses a smiling Luyten 726–8.

Their reflections all glisten –
silver stalks against a backdrop
of hot, glowing gas mirrors.

"Ah, but divine poet of Earth, you forget Her,"
says grinning Count Vulpecula
(his spherical, fluorescent teeth plainly visible).

True, for in the black shadows
I see Mother Sun cry for beauty lost –
light years of misty dust moss
eclipsing her face,
red freckles sighing beneath twilight lace.
And hear lonely wavecrests hush –
spindrift whispers to cosmic waves
rushing upon the Milky Way shore.
She seems, she is, man's shattered paragon
swirling in a mystic galaxy pool.

Daniel Dydzak
Grade 11 B

FIELD OF SNOW

My dirty boots sow
a crooked path in a field of virgin snow
The crisp, white pavement is cracked in places
forming lopsided escarpments in many cases
In these gaps shiver waving strands of dead grass
hesitantly peeping out in crass
anticipation of far away spring
and the warmth it will bring.

Powdered dunes follow
the ridges of high, firm land
Form deep hollows
in a desert of purified sand,
while the wind, with a zoom
and a swish of Nature's broom,
sweeps the fine dust
from its granular crust.

Icy hands with grasping fingers –
vast tributaries of joint
transparent fossils – linger
on to a final point,
an estuary leading to a frozen, dirt sea
where the innocent beauty is left behind me.

Daniel Dydzak
Grade 11 B

BREAKFAST SCENE

The sun pours forth like egg drippings
Over an oval shell line.
Steamy snow blurrily sluices
Into patches of brown sugar stalks
Glazed with milk sprinkles.

The city is alive with:
the hohumness of coffee and the crispness of bacon scent;
The burning of sacrificial toast and the boiling of yawning water;
The pop- crackle shivering of damp cereal and the mildew
Of orange juice on fresh teeth.

* * *

Somewhere, two lovers lie,
Drinking glasses of sweet lemonade
And watching the ice cubes melt.

Somewhere, husband and wife sit:
She, measuring marmalade teaspoons for her cold toast;
He, creasing the collars of newspaper pages.

Somewhere, a mother tries to wake her sick- faking son for school.
His peanut butter sandwiches, his oatmeal cookies,
Will suffocate in the stale depths of brown paper.

* * *

The Night's last callers, butter- tanned, yolked,
Slumberly drown into their twilight oasis –
Sizzle of Dawn into Morning.
But for work, I would chase after mysterious Dawn.
Nagging Morning is all too familiar.

Daniel Dydzak
Grade 11 B

The sensuous Lady of Indian Summer
has kissed her sister good bye
and now beckons –
Oh, what tantalizing power
this Libra possesses! . . .

At her every provocative movement
hear the senile, old Wind emit
the nervous, high-pitched whistle
of a virgin boy.

Her body perfumes
shower the air –
sun dew on plants
and flowers blinks its eyes.

I ask, who, in the land, has not tasted
the Lady's moist lips
or turned into nectar
after touching her rose-budded skin?

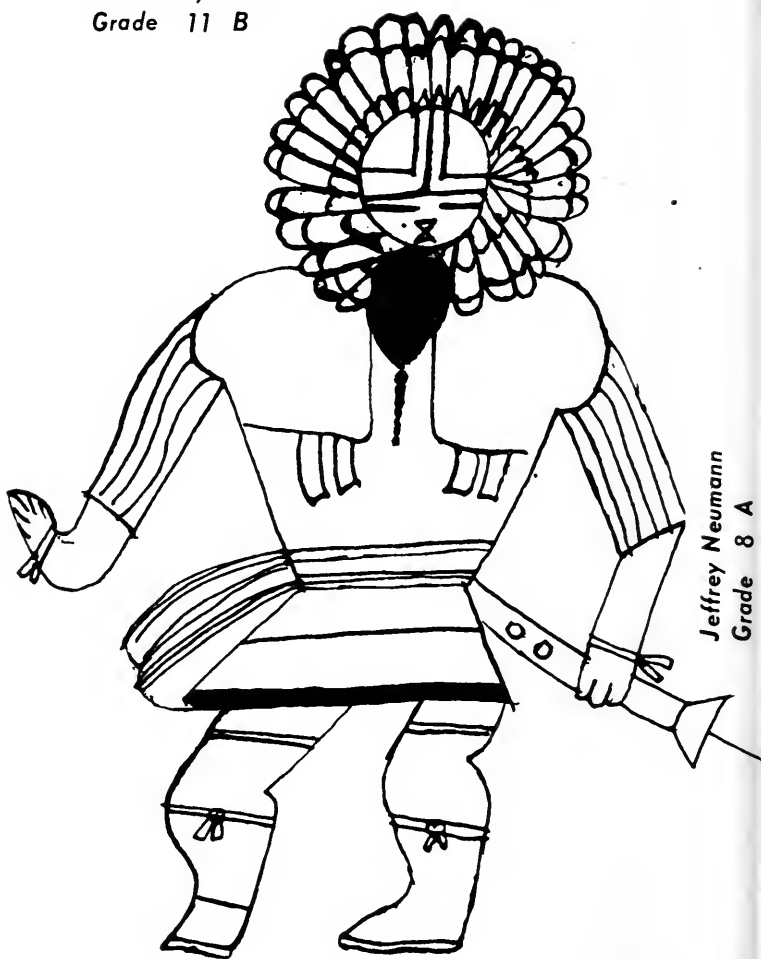
And afterwards
felt
bittersweet happiness –
just fulfilled
and yet
not fulfilled.

Alas!
Unfair Time blows messages of promptness
in her ears;
and End Clouds fog the sun.

She runs,
searching for heroes,
but now
finds only unfaithful cowards
 (for jealous Frost
 has ice- stung former lovers
 with impotency).

The Lady laughs a cold farewell
Adieu!
Strips off her petal gown
and waits
Waits for the arms of cruel Destiny
to embrace her.

Daniel Dydzak
Grade 11 B



VISION

It's time to move on to the next window. You can carry your eyes over. You stroke the cardboard match against the sulphur strip, snapping it near the top. You strike it again and then several more times until you finally place it between your thumb and the sulphur and then you pull. You feel no pain as the ignited match burns through your flesh. You quickly light the cigarette and blow out the match. The windows are always the same.

The first lighted window is the closest. A young man and woman sit on a couch, rubbing against each other. The woman has been there before, but the man is different. You had always seen her with another, presumably her husband. The young man places his hand inside her shirt, but she doesn't stir. She hardly breathes as she shifts onto her back.

When the young man leaves, the woman falls asleep on the couch. You want to pick up your eyes, but they won't move. The muscles contract in her face and she smiles. Does she dream of her husband or her lover? Perhaps, she is smiling at you.

You carry your eyes over to the next window. An old man sits alone, perpetually motionless, though his face is in no way devoid of emotion. It shows a lifetime's pain in its stagnation. Your window is directly opposite his and you have always delighted in turning on your light and projecting your shadow directly into his room. You can remember violently jumping about, dancing, and undressing in the light. The old man has never exhibited any reaction. You always become too frustrated and you pick up your eyes.

You carry your eyes over to the next window. A married couple argues. For once, you are happy you cannot hear. You wait until they stop and sit down. Now, they watch each other in complete silence. You wonder when they will stop, and talk. Then you realize there is no stronger way to express hate, than through silence. It's so hard to carry your eyes over to the other window of their apartment. You watch a child sitting in front of her bed, praying.

Now you can carry your eyes over. This is the last window. There is something wrong. This time there is nothing there – only darkness. But those images of pain still assault you. You see those tentative images emerging from the shadows. You know the truth? "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out." The scissors – on the table! Darkness and you cannot see the pain any longer.

Nicholas Gault
Grade 10 B

OMNISCIENCE

The brown, slushy streets were long and barren. Snowflakes floated down and sparkled in a halo around the lonely lamps. On the corner stood Mark, a solitary figure held in a trance by the silence of the evening. The occasional car would peek through the darkness and drive by, splashing the slush toward the sidewalks in a wave of auditory stimulation. The red tail-lights and the fading "sh" left the area quieter than before. Mark needed to find an exit.

"Why is it so quiet?" he thought. "I feel so lonely. The world is so big and I feel like the only real person on it."

He stood there wondering about trivial things – wondering about something. He was not used to the understimulation. How long would it last?

"The trees are my friends. They stand here, with me, but they are so cold and lifeless and their roots are not mine. There is nobody here like me. I'm a stranger in my own city. What's that noise? It's only the wind through the trees. Everything here is together, but I'm alone."

Then a swarm of bees droned by on the salted surface of Cote St. Antoine Road but left as quickly as they had come. There was quiet again.

"Everything is grey! How do the street lamps survive the cold and darkness? Their haloes must be their shields but they are as lonely as I am. I have seen this place before, not just yesterday; but long ago I was here. I was lonely then too. Everything to watch, but nothing to see – noiseless, senseless. What am I waiting for?"

Two white eyes floated down the hill and slowed as the car approached the corner. A door opened and a wave of warm air smothered him, but Mark just stood still. Then a friendly voice called to him. Thoughtless, he climbed into the car. The door shut and the tail lights faded away. Nothing had changed except for the new footprints, but even those were soon covered with fresh snow.

Waldemar Bockler

Grade 11 A

THE GREAT THROW

The ball was up – an obvious, straight spiral of strength, determination, and perspiration. Who would buy the pitch? Who would catch it? It was up for grabs. But wait! It was stolen! Intercepted! There goes the game of life.

Sam Gold

Grade 9 A

THE LOST

The lonely figure sat slouched-over on his makeshift contraption of boards, stranded in a sea of disappointment. The weary face reflected his lost hopes which rose and fell with the waves. His cracked, white mouth, aching for nourishment, was sealed in his speechless world and his eyes bulged out from his head like billiard balls, from many sleepless nights and salt spray.

Then, the figure rose slowly on its emaciated, stick-like legs, revealing a spine that was bent as if it would snap at any moment like a frail twig. He then slowly lay down again on his back; the boards of his life boat groaned back at him in disgust. The bulging eyes fixed on the endless blue, and he slowly opened the great doors of imagination that separated his mind from reality.

Soon, he was a free being, running through freshly-scented forest pines. He felt the refreshing breeze among the trees, and he heard the familiar forest sounds – the cracking of dry twigs under his feet, the rustling of leaves in the wind, and the weird noises made by the tiny animals scurrying about. But most of all, he could talk; he could shout at something; he could use that wonderful creation of God which only man is entitled to have. Yes, company was paradise.

Suddenly, a sharp crash slammed the doors of his mind so hard that he awoke, startled. A board in his boat of life gave and perished in the green world below. He then thought to himself. The sea is the giver of life. All life began in the sea. Then why must he perish in it? He was lost in this tri-coloured, alien world. His dreams were his only company. Only the power of his mind kept him alive and sane by smashing through the gates surrounding this lonely world. But, what if his mind gave up the fight, like the board that was too weak to support him? Must he perish in this lost world, never seeing man's real universe? He saw himself as a lost survivor in a strange influence, aboard a lifeboat that was breaking into pieces.

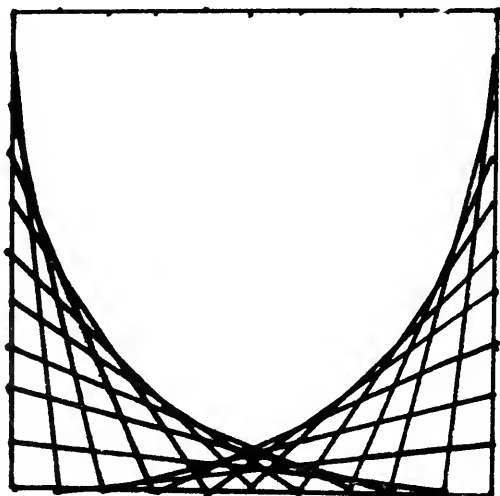
The gaunt figure lay down once more, its ears tense, expecting to hear the outcry of protest from the supports beneath him. All at once, the pupils of his eyes focused upon the endless blue above. Once more, he moved the great doors of freedom, and his mind drifted into eternity.

George Hedrei
Grade 10 A

HEART ATTACK

The dismal night drew few others to St. Catherine Street. One rain walker rested, red-faced, and breathed short, whiskey sighs from a sheltering entrance. Cold, desperate eyes stared at the grey rain between grey walls and he dreamed of his passage to hell. He shook his futile fist at the concrete spires and collapsed – alone in the neon light.

Blake Jolin
Grade 9 A



Ali Argun
Grade 7 B

MORBIDITY AND J. J. JABBERWOCKY

"He was one of those morbid people, if one could call him a person. Furthermore, he was sick. Perhaps, his obsession with death was caused by his parents. After all, they did call . . . er name him 'Jolty Juicy Jabberwocky,' and that in itself is enough to unhinge anyone. Also, it should be considered that his job as a mortician's assistant did bring out his suppressed lust for death. Why else would he kill those women? But all in all, Ol' Joltin' Jab' was not responsible for his actions. Realistically, any man who eats live frogs, hates cute doggies and mimsies good borrogroves is insane. In conclusion, he is not one of us well-adjusted members of society. Thank you. May I have my lolly now, Judge?"

– Defence Attorney
Crown vs. J. J. Jabberwocky

James Nadler
Grade 9 B

THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE OF GUILT

Stan was a middle-aged man who lived in a small town just outside of Chicago, in the late 1800's. He had worked for the government all his life, and the people in the town sometimes wondered who could possibly replace him if he should meet with misfortune. He was loyal to his work. He worked a ten-hour day, six days a week, excluding Sunday. On Sundays, Stan would go to church with his young daughter and pray; however, on the odd occasion when he was overloaded with work, he would miss Mass and work overtime.

He was respected by everyone in the town, but it was debatable whether this respect was based upon fright or love. This respect, it must be noted, did not exist in the form of friendship, but rather in the word, "Sir."

Stanley was once married, but approximately ten years back, his wife had mysteriously disappeared. Many rumours existed in the weeks that followed the incident, but it was felt that she had become fed up with the small town and had left.

One week, it seemed as if Stan had been feeling ill; he was not acting his normal, cheerful self. On Sunday morning, he was not seen at church; a vague undercurrent of worry possessed the people, for it was known that Stan had worked late Saturday night, finishing his chores to be free the next morning. After church, some of the men went to where Stan worked to make sure he was well. Upon their arrival at the gibbet, they were met by Stan's glaring eyes. He had hung himself from the noose he had made for himself in the years gone by.

Andrew Neal
Grade 11 B

CHESTNUTS!

green spikes
tumble earthward

WOW!

smile radiates
through the leaves

Ian Ross
Grade 11 A

LIFE?

a milisecond time delay bomb
bang, it's all over

so what?
seventy good years

year?

31 536 000 seconds

who cares?
that's enough time

time?

Ian Ross
Grade 11 A

WAR FOR PEACE

He was drafted and shipped off to war in the name of democracy. His country had spent fifteen thousand dollars training him to fight. Rory had learned how to fire his gun at the 'x' over the heart, to throw hand grenades and to dynamite villages. The day after the ship arrived, his battalion left for the front. They moved off down the road in a cloud of dust and whining engines. The little jeeps darted in and out among the slower vehicles to the thumping chorus of howitzers. Noisily, the dark green monster snaked down the road.

In the back of Rory's mind, he was beginning to see the hypocrisies of war, but soon, he would be able to see right from wrong.

The battalion stopped just behind the front lines and they waited, listening to pep talks while fighting off strain and boredom. Lieutenant Riker spoke about the ultimate path to survival – shoot first and ask questions later.

After a week, Rory was put into battle and he found himself taking aim at humans, not just cardboard crosses. The bullet curved slightly and punctured an enemy's lung, killing him slowly as the air was sucked in. Rory was shocked at his own actions and he lay motionless, crying in a hollow while his sense of goodness faded from him. He knew that he could no longer face his family for fear that they would now reject him. He argued with himself

over the imaginary encounter until reason grabbed him. . . . I am fighting for democracy and the betterment of the human race. We are just protecting ourselves from attack. . . . If we are not able to stop the enemy, man will return to the jungle to struggle for survival. . . .

Rory did not see the irony. What was this justice or mercy that he was fighting for? It seems very strange that he must fight for the peace of his country.

"C'mon," Riker yelled over the roar of battle, and led a group of men away.

But Rory lay protected in his hollow, safe from the ravages of war. Reality grabbed him by his jacket, dragged him behind an embankment and forced Rory to watch as he aimed at some peasants with great concentration. The peasants fell to the ground, shrieking in the hail of bullets.

During a short respite, Reality expressed his hatred toward the enemy while reloading his machine gun.

"Those Commies live like pigs. I wanna get rid of them." He stopped to spit in the dirt and then continued. "It's disgusting that anyone should live like they do."

Rory laughed out of desperation when he heard this. Slowly, he was beginning to see that war was not right. It was not fought between men but countries, except that only the men suffered and died. How could he support a country that was killing for peace? He was protecting it from an enemy which existed only on paper and in the mind of the government. The soldiers only follow orders when they shoot at the peasants because they are supposed to be evil. While Rory was thinking, his gun slipped from his hands and he lay mentally dead.

The remainder of his battalion walked around his body and into the jungle.

Ross Nordin
Grade 11 B

THE CLIFF DIVER

High above the waves, he'll poise,
waiting for the tide to rise;
for then, he will dive.
Down, down, down,
twirling through the air
with all his skill
till he hits those unforgiving waves.

David Seward
Grade 9 B

MISS HOLDEN

The success and wealth accompanying stardom had not vanquished Miss Holden. She retained her naïveté, that unaffected simplicity that one so rarely finds in those who have risen to prominence. One day, some flowers were delivered by John Davidson, a money-hungry man, whose aim it was to swindle Miss Holden. Having flowers arrive was not an unusual occurrence. Miss Holden frequently received gifts from her fans; but when more bunches of colourful flowers arrived from Mr. Davidson, she began to wonder. Later, she began to receive letters from him – first of admiration, then of affection. She began to pay more attention to the gifts and letters and eventually asked him to come to supper.

At supper, Mr. Davidson flattered Miss Holden. He praised her unduly and beguiled her with his falsities. He listened to her attentively, forcing himself to appear interested, and agreed to all her views and opinions. Naïve Miss Holden foolishly believed and trusted John. She succumbed to his charm and his undue praise.

The seduction of sweet phrases strengthened Miss Holden's affection. John turned mere fondness into love. His "Midas Touch" grew in its golden strength with each "lavish meal" and with each expensive trinket. John courted her like a perfect gentleman; and before he knew it, he was proposing to her. Until the wedding day, he treated her "royally;" but after the wedding, she was astonished by the drastic change. No longer did he treat her graciously; but rather, he saw her as a slave. He didn't buy her any more gifts or take her to expensive restaurants. He lavishly spent her money on new wardrobes, cars, and long, expensive vacations for himself. He didn't work; he just used up his wife's earnings for himself.

When his wife's money ran out, he promptly divorced her and moved away, probably to entice another rich, naïve victim. Miss Holden, now, had learned her lesson. Her naïveté had gone, and a second attempt to beguile her would not result in victory.

Roger Osmond
Grade 10 B

LONESOME ROAD

In June of this year, my wife and I were on our way to Texas, where we were going to spend our summer. We had decided to travel along the small roads where there were many beautiful sights.

The first day, we travelled along Highway 87 because there were no small roads that we knew. The second day, we took a painful road that brought us almost halfway to Texas. The road was very quiet and the trees were blooming. There were not many cars in sight; this made the trip more appealing. It was a sunny and dry day, but we did not mind it. We travelled slowly and stopped whenever we were tired. Once, at about ten o'clock, we stopped at this cosy, small hotel. There were maybe two other cars in the lot, so we knew that there would be vacancies.

During the third day, we were already anticipating the great weather. We were continuing on the same road because we had enjoyed the ride the day before. We stopped for breakfast, lunch and supper at small restaurants; we enjoyed these meals because we were all alone. At about seven o'clock, we were beginning to tire, so we looked for a place to stay. Unfortunately, we couldn't find any hotels for a few hours. At about nine, I realized that we were running out of gas. Sensing that my wife would get nervous if she found out, I didn't mention it to her. As we continued, I began to perspire; she kept asking me why I was so 'wet,' so I explained everything. She was quite calm until, suddenly, the motor started to make funny noises; and then, the car came to a stop.

I went outside to check the motor, but there was no doubt about it, we were stranded, all by ourselves, on a deserted road.

We waited a few hours, until my wife, Alice, was truly upset. Gradually, I was becoming worried because I had read many frightening stories about people who were stranded on roads. I was scared of this lonesome road. We were alone; anyone could come and kill us. Just after twelve, we decided to walk. We walked for about two hours until a pair of lights was seen. Were there friendly people in the car, or were there criminals in the car . . . ?

* * * * *

I am now waiting to hear from my wife's kidnappers; she has been gone ever since we were stranded on the lonesome road. Have they killed her? Or will I get my precious Alice back?

Filip Papich
Grade 10 A

OTTO

A haggard figure stumbled toward the general store. Otto, although a young man, did not work. He was a vagrant, dressed from the Salvation Army racks. Something else attracted my attention; one arm was wrapped in a bloody bandage. Apparently, my stare drew his glacial eyes toward me and this forced me to turn away. Curious, I looked once more and decided to speak, but not to him.

An immigrant in 1968, Otto Svenson spoke both English and French – a quality which made him a desirable employee in Quebec. General Motors in St. Eustache hired him and he worked hard for three years. But then came the energy crisis, and, with it, a decrease in the demand for automobiles and the demand for permanent employees. Among those laid off was Otto.

In retaliation, Otto did everything in his power to reject the society which had betrayed him. He declined unemployment insurance, preferring to live the life of a hermit. Venturing into town only once a week, he regarded all but those from his home as enemies, as executives who had taken from him his means of making a new life.

His intolerant glare stifled comments before they were uttered. And so went Otto's life – a combination of sorrow, depression, and an intense revulsion toward society.

With a dignified movement, my informer stood up and I understood that it was time to leave. I saw Otto a week later and I decided that Otto Svenson had a right to his icy eyes for this "land of promise" was a wintry land.

Alexander Patch
Grade 10 B

A VISIT BEFORE DAWN

The soft glow which enveloped the countryside was extinguished as the moon was plunged into a forboding darkness. A body squirmed in its sleeping bag and moved again a few moments later.

A glass-shattering shriek punctured the mist and the body grew still. He sat up and slowly turned to see – nothing. The boy eventually rested again, but moved frequently in an endless search for peace from the cries. Another scream awakened the boy; but instead of returning to the warm depths of his bed, he built up the glowing coals.

Obviously frightened by the noise, he talked to himself for companionship. "I am not going back to sleep with that going on. If I don't go to sleep, it won't happen again, so I'm going to stay awake." He looked into the burning flame and the pitch forks of wood.

His eyes shut and a strange laughter awakened him. The laughing stopped. An hour later, the boy slept by the fire but was soon aroused by a sinister voice, "He will be ours soon. A bit more sleep and he will be ours."

The boy sat up and talked once again. "I will not sleep. The devil isn't going to get me. I'll stay awake." His eyelids drooped and lifted quickly time and time again. For a final time, the eyelids drooped but did not rise.

A voice lured him, "Sleep, my friend, sleep." Startled by the voice, he opened his eyes. The red figure disappeared into the air.

A redness in the east heralded success. The sun rose to the cries of, "I didn't fall asleep long enough! He didn't get me! I won!"

Alexander Patch
Grade 10 B

THE ZENITH

He was trapped inside the cage, alone and hungry. The cage seemed to grow smaller every day. The small animal looked around the cage for an escape route. There was nothing in the cage – nothing except the thin scattering of wood chips and the treadmill.

He smelled a pleasant odour coming from the top of the enclosure. Leaning back on his haunches, he could see a small clump of food placed on an isolated shelf next to the top of the treadmill. He had seen other hamsters at the pet shop, running furiously on treadmills. He mounted it cautiously and began to run toward the food. He reached a point where he could not go any faster; he glanced quickly at the shelf and saw he was still very far away. He had to stop to rest, and he fell. He looked at it once more, and determined to reach it, ran furiously on the treadmill. He moved slowly, but progressively, higher and higher, almost reaching it; but he could not go any farther and he fell to the bottom once more. After resting a short while, he mounted the treadmill a third time. Yearning for nourishment, he steadily rose higher and higher, until he reached the coveted plateau. But alas, the food was nothing but plastic.

The next day, he saw the tempting goal once more. He again tried to climb to the summit, but as he had done the previous day, he failed. He was not totally discouraged yet. He stubbornly refused to give up. He rose just out of reach of the height and he fell again. Unyielding, he picked himself up, and finally, successfully reached the plateau. This time, his booty was genuine. He had found his escape. He had reached the zenith.

Meanwhile, below him, the treadmill continued to spin.

Javier Quintana
Grade 10 B

EIGHT O'CLOCK, AUGUST MORNING

It was eight o'clock on an August morning and the dew had not yet evaporated. The highway appeared spotted like a leopard as the sun streamed through the huge trees. These maples lined each side of the two-lane road almost uniformly; they recalled some past grandeur. A small car whizzed along the artery, but soon, passed over the hill and out of sight. A small turtle crawled from the long grass and onto the soft shoulder. From there, he struggled slowly up the sandy hill. The ground was soft and wet and he could take firm hold of it. He reached the edge of the asphalt and climbed slowly onto it. Without noticing the turtle, a car zoomed by and over the hill.

The music in another car was loud and the driver was smoking a cigarette. He took a pull and blew the smoke against the windshield from where it was quickly sucked out the open window. "Turtle, I'll get you," he exclaimed as he noticed the animal beginning its trek across the road. He swerved left, but too late, and had to continue on his way.

A motorcyclist howled along the open road; his pants and jacket were pressed against his body. The only protected part of the rider was his face; it was buried behind a large helmet, the type which covered the entire head. His experienced eyes stared fixedly ahead from just above the centre of the handle bars. Suddenly, the sun disappeared behind a small cloud, distracting him. He looked up at the sky and then around at the trees; they appeared blurry green to him. Once again, he fixed his eyes on the road. The turtle was several hundred yards ahead, unseen by the driver. The sun shortly appeared and he glanced at the sky. It was bright blue with only one cloud, and it was drifting away. He recalled his childhood in the . . . and he hit the turtle, skidded sideways and then rolled over several times onto the grass. The sky was now cloudless – a perfect day.

Ian Ross
Grade 11 A

THE HERO

It projected forward as far as he could see, flanked by bare trees reaching into the grey sky to find some warmth. This Montreal-Toronto road was nothing new to Larry Johnston; he had been travelling it for twenty years. He sat uncomfortably in his worn-out suit, staring straight ahead. A car whizzed by, unhypnotizing him in the process. He felt for his package of Players, lit one, opened the window and dropped out the match. The fresh gust of air felt good as he took a pull on his cigarette and blew the smoke out slowly. Larry's job called for a lot of travelling, but at least, business had been good of late. He shut the window and turned on the radio; soft music and smoke soon filled the air.

He made this trip every three months to sell his zodiac pins to the big buyers in Toronto. Larry knew his stock was bad, but what could he do? He still brought his old showcases full of bright, gold libras and capricorns; the buyers would always take "a hundred of these" or "a hundred of those," but never any more. It was like buying girl guide cookies; they did it to get him off their backs. Larry would always joke with them and pretend that he was a friend; he said he had lots of friends, knowing they were merely acquaintances. His memories of the war were the only things that kept him going. Captain Johnston often told his "exciting" stories of how he won his medals. At least, he was a hero.

Another car whizzed by, but it passed unnoticed; the music was too loud. Gradually, the sky darkened and the traffic became heavier. It reminded him of advancing through France; he was just one part of a flowing river. He opened the window and a cold gust of air entered. Larry took a deep breath of the assuringly smelly fumes. He smiled; another trip was over.

Ian Ross
Grade 11 A

A NORTH WIND

Notus swept down the great arteries, squeezing in between the buildings and fingering all of the cross-streets. People scattered into and out of cars and buildings, seeking warmth for themselves. It was cold as dusk fell upon the city.

A figure walked down an empty street illuminated by a single lamp. The wind touched him too, and he wrapped his collar around his face, but he didn't feel the cold. Why should he? It was a southerly wind to his back. Everyone knew southerly winds were warmer. Maybe it was cold, maybe not. He looked up at the street lamp. Snow was now falling and he watched it settle on the top of the light. The wind stopped for a moment and he felt warmer. "Maybe the wind was cold," he thought. Pausing for a minute, he removed a package of cigarettes from his coat pocket, but then replaced it. There was too much wind to smoke; anyhow, smoking was bad for you. He continued on his way.

The street grew more obscure as the lamp's light faded behind him. The wind blew again. He was right; it was too windy to smoke. Three men suddenly interrupted his thought. "Give us your money," said the largest one, leaping from behind a big tree.

"Punks," he indignantly replied and continued walking. The man pulled him aside, spun him a little, and cuffed him twice on the chin with the back of his fist. "I don't have any money," he said, kneeling on the ground, feeling his chin. The man booted him, flattening him to his back. An accomplice rolled the lifeless body over and removed a wallet.

"There's no money," he said in disgust, throwing the billfold to the ground. "Come on; let's go." The three hurried down the sidewalk and out of sight.

The wind had changed direction by the time he came to. It was now cold and he shivered as he crawled to his feet, brushing the snow from his body. "Why? Why?" he repeated to himself, struggling into the wind. "What for?"

Boreas swept up the great arteries, sneaking between buildings and branching into side-streets. Everything he touched, he chilled. People scattered into and out of cars and buildings; it was cold.

Ian Ross
Grade 11 A

UNKNOWN VOICES

The farmer walked into the hut and turned on the radio. He looked out the window at the neighbouring hills where white sheep dotted the earth. Here and there, he could see the little, brown houses, some with wisps of smoke trailing from the small chimneys.

The radio burst into life with wild folk music, and violent sounds rocked the house. Then an announcer broke in, speaking softly in Spanish. "The next piece is a harvest song, in which the farmers of our great country celebrate the rich land and the beauty of life." There was a distant shout, a crash and a muffled explosion. The voice vanished. Static overpowered the transmission. The farmer stared at the clouds, waiting expectantly.

A new, harsh voice broke in. "This is an announcement from the New Popular Government. Our forces have just peacefully taken control of the presidential palace. The enemies of the State are fleeing the country like dogs. The people's government is triumphant against the evil forces of corruption and imperialism! Long live our glorious General Alzemar! *Viva Alzemar, heroe del pueblo!*"

The farmer turned off the radio and shuffled into the heat of the sun. Outside, the hills were the same; it was almost funny how nothing ever changed in the mountains; although, the farmer knew, things changed quickly in the crowded cities – often everyday. "Hé, Miguel," he called to another farmer, "Did you hear the new voice on the radio?"

"No," the other replied. "What is it?"

"There is a new voice on the radio," the farmer repeated, "again."

Richard Small
Grade 11 B

TABLE TALK

Gabriel Stepford set his tray down in front of an empty chair and sat down at the table. He thought for a while, waiting for the rest of the members of his work team to pick up their lunches and sit down.

At thirty, Gabriel was already the head of Internal Structure Planning's projects for Azner Architectural Company. He had joined the company at the age of twenty-four, and since then, had actively and successfully evolved as a company asset.

The table was full and the men began to talk. Gabriel glanced from face to face. These were the men who worked under him for no more than four months at a time – the usual time span of a project for which these various specialists would be needed. Few of his friends ever came from this flow of evanescent people.

He was separated from them through the whole temporary manner of their lives. Some of them, his age, had already been married and divorced twice, and were preparing to remarry. Judging from the various countries and states in which they had lived and moved, Gabriel guessed that their marriages coincided with their relocations – perhaps a quest for security in rootless lives.

The talk at the table centred around a party which one of the team was having that Friday. In their mobile lives, these men came across many friends quickly and often, but they were only superficial and uninvolved friendships. In the same way, parties and nightclubs were for them temporary, uninvolved activities – their lifestyles could afford little more. Gabriel could not attend the party Friday night; he had a dinner planned with his wife.

This sort of reasoning, the men with whom Gabriel came in contact, could not comprehend. They looked upon him as a dull, unsociable person. Yet Gabriel did have friends – only a few – and they were close, deep friends. They were friends with whom, in the summer, he backpacked in the Adirondacs, and, in winter, skied cross-country in Gatineau Park.

Yes, sitting here, Gabriel felt his own solid base, assured, and the faces around him seemed blurred by movement. Behind their masks, he could sense a frantic groping, but the masks were so thick that they themselves could not penetrate to the core of their own insecurity – they had no time.

Ronnie Schouelo
Grade 11 A

EXCERPTS

John disappeared yesterday. We don't know where he is, nor do we expect to find out. He may be in a small room in a grey building somewhere in the city. He may be on a train with many other pilgrims, travelling toward the setting sun, or he may already be at work in one of the "centres" outside town.

We don't know why he vanished. It may be like old Josef who lived across the street. We knew he had read strange books; he even told us **WHAT** he had read; but his metaphors were incomprehensible, and we thought he was babbling. Until . . . one day, we asked the landlady where Josef had gone. "He went away," she said, and refused to speak any further, peering anxiously out a cracked window to the dusty street. "Away."

Maybe John had read these books, too. My sister said he had seemed pre-occupied lately; a vague look of concentration possessed him, and once, he ordered her away when she approached his desk. . . . I don't think we shall ever know for sure.

We heard on the radio today that several men were arrested for treason. It is amusing in a desperate way: Alex makes a game out of guessing the week's total. Last week, he announced there had been thirty-four such apprehensions; only twenty-two the week before. Sometimes, we see fleeting shadows in the streets at night. Once we heard shots and the barking of dogs, but the radio said nothing.

Is it possible that policemen's faces are frostier in the fall? The dropping of temperatures is reflected in the mood of the city: we huddle closer together as the siege begins.

It is right to say that I, too, have read a few books. However, they are well-hidden and I think I am safe, but I am afraid of each knock at the door. Although I read somewhere that there is life after death, I am still reluctant to find out.

Richard Small
Grade 11 B

TIM WINGFIELD, 1976

The little box had four walls, each one touching another to form a solid vertex. They were too high to look over, but sometimes they appeared to be invisible — as if manufactured by tiny eyes in the mind. However, most of the time they looked solid, impenetrable. There was an open top, revealing a blue sky, criss-crossed with white trails of jet exhaust. Looking up, he would tirelessly watch the freedom paths disintegrate into molecular drops of moisture. . . .

Tim felt confined in his little corner of North America. He longed to escape the dreary sequence of polluted days which filled his life. He was a garage mechanic, working from nine to five. The pay was satisfactory and so was the middle class, bachelor's apartment enclosed in the heart of the big city. Mediocrity had captured Tim in its invisible grasp. Nothing exciting ever happened, and it seemed that Life was something that came out once a month in a magazine. Even that had stopped publication.

He was only twenty-five years old and retained the robust, athletic physique of his youth. He could have been an exciting individual if his life had taken a different twist; but unfortunately, he was born in the wrong century. In another age, he might have been an explorer or a panhandler. Today, he he was Miller's tragic hero; man had conquered the moon and the job of exploring the universe was left to the astronauts. He felt himself rotting.

One day, while walking the customary number of steps to his customary house, he saw a pilot. In his eyes, there was a look of knowledge, experience, and adventure. Suddenly, he realized that society, despite its generous welfare funds, had nothing interesting in store for him. In an oppressing passivity, he felt all his frustrations and tensions mount. . . . That night, he dreamed that every movie house in the city had his address on it.

The next day, he bought a ticket to Brisbane. Suddenly, his family and friends besieged him with objections. Did he understand what such a step might do to his future? Did he realize that his credit rating might deteriorate? Did he know that all welfare would be cut off? . . . But he thrust off their narrow-mindedness; he was already soaring on the clouds. Beneath him, he saw hundreds of thousands of little four-walled boxes. He imagined their stretched necks and looking back he saw a thick, white exhaust trail. Slowly, he saw his old life evaporate.

Jamie Turner
Grade 11 A

EPILOGUE

It had been a nice life. His marks in school had been good – perhaps mediocre, but he had passed. He had managed to enter a good college, kept his nose clean, and passed without honours. He married a nice girl, slightly on the plain side, and they had the national average of well-behaved children. His respectable field paid well enough for an average house in suburbia. Over the years, his children had grown and had also gone into good professions, or had married. He had retired, received his gold watch – it worked well – and his children were considerate, visiting often. His wife died quietly (a good death, if death can be good) in her sleep and without pain. And now, reflecting upon it all, he noticed what a nice coffin it was. It was just like his life – good.

James Nadler
Grade 9 B

LIFE IS SWEET, BROTHER

It was raining again. The constable looked down the street. Cars flowed by on either side of him, in an unending stream.

His whistle shrilled. The cars ahead stopped magically at the sign of his raised hand. Other cars raced through the intersection from the cross-street. Slush spattered his boots. It was always like this. When would they fix the lights? He'd been here for at least an hour. He looked across again at the dead traffic lights. Beyond them, a billboard towered above a small parking lot. A Québécoise, microphone in hand, seemed to scream in frustration at the bleakness of his surroundings.

His whistle shrilled again, and another army of vehicles passed him, their windshield wipers moving like arms waving good-bye to no one in particular. Plastic faces stared through the glass windows. He watched the pedestrians on his left carrying end-of-Christmas clearance sale packages. They seemed like a sea of winter coats and ski jackets. Some sported rakish, multi-coloured stripes; others, more conservative, featured solid brown or blue. A few well-dressed ladies wore mink or sable. He smiled at the thought of the dirty slush sticking grimly to the fur. Boots of all sizes stepped gingerly through the melting snow and ice. Bah! The demoiselles in summer were more interesting.

A car spattered his jacket. He swore. "Needs a ticket, that one . . ." The traffic flow switched around again. Overhead, the grey clouds parted to reveal a frozen sun. Its light glinted off the man-made monoliths that dominated the area. Tall, dark, decidedly not handsome but stark and lifeless, the skyscrapers appeared like stylized stalagmites reaching toward a non-existent roof. A cold blast of air whistled between the walls, prickling him from be -

hind. Sidestepping the traffic, he walked over to the sidewalk, where a man beckoned.

"La rue Stanley – Stanley Street?" the man asked with a heavy Scottish accent. The policeman gave him some directions.

A young man came up to him, smiling through an enormous moustache and beard. "Life is sweet, brother. Take heart!" The constable scowled at him, and returned to the street. The arm of authority waved.

"Life is sweet?" He thought of the apartment on Jean Talon. It wasn't bad, compared with what he knew some of his force buddies had. Pictures of his three young children swam into his face, coupled with one of his tired wife. They all needed an escape from life, even a temporary one. Fishing on the Richilieu wasn't really enough, but . . . He did all he could; life wasn't easy on a policeman's salary. The City Hall misers kept it all to buy pool tables and sports stadiums. He waved at a car stopped in the turning lane, its lights flashing angrily, motioning it to move on. The driver waved back, pointing at a parcel-carrying women coming down the sidewalk toward him.

"Tweet!" More slush splashed against him. They ought to have stands for policemen in the middle of the intersections. It was easier to see from them – safer too – or so he had heard from a Paris friend. Blast! When were the technicians going to come to fix those lights? It was lunchtime already! He would radio Dispatch to find out.

It had started to rain again. He looked despairingly at the sky again. Buildings glowered at him, making him feel small and helpless. He blew his whistle again with the same monotony. Life is sweet?

Richard Small
Grade 11 B

THIS PIOUS TOWN

It was a bright day in the small town in the English countryside. Sir Ralph Allen, the owner of the town, who was one of the few to survive the British depression of the eighteenth century, smiled proudly to himself as he watched the day's proceedings from the balustrade of his estate. He had not been one of the suckers who had invested in the Company of the South Seas, which undertook various expeditions which were as unsuccessful as operating a gold mine in Peru. Now he could watch the wheel of fortune spin in the town square. Fifteen men and women, mounted on wooden horses, were spinning underneath a goat bearing a sign with the ominous challenge, "Who will ride?" Meanwhile, the peasants below were busy spinning the base of the axis.

In a brightly lit booth on one side of the mall, a winged devil, armed with a scythe, was cutting a piece off the body of Sir Fortune to throw to the crowd of peasants who fought each other viciously to gain possession of the sacred scrap. Beside this attraction, a nobleman was arguing with a peasant and his son; he shot the son and threw a coin to the peasant.

The Catholic priest, the Protestant minister, and the rabbi were gambling and guzzling beer in front of a monument with a cross, under which was the inscription: "In memory of the destruction of our town in the year of our Lord, 1721." At the same time, Sir Egoism was breaking the bones of Sir Honesty I, was tied, naked, to a wheel, with a heavy stick.

In front of the stocks, Sir Vanity was beating Sir Honesty II, who was bound to a cross, with his whip. In the meantime, in a dark corner, lay Sir Commerce — sleeping without life.

Sir Ralph Allen surely has a wonderfully pious town of which to be proud.

Javier Quintana
Grade 10 B

A MORALIZING TALE

Upon the crowing of the cock, a figure stirs reluctantly beneath the heavy quilts, in time arises, and prepares to face whatever fresh adversities the incipient day may have in stock to plague him. At length, his inky cloak wrapped tightly around his shoulders, he ventures out, the object of his undertaking being, this dawn, as also every other, the tyrant's mansion three leagues thence. As yet, the noxious night-time air persists; the sun still barely brightens the horizon, and, of the foresaid mansion, alone the battlements escape the overall, prevalent, grim obscurity.

Within the confines of this sinister edifice, steps presently the melancholy figure who is the subject of this tale. Among the first he meets is one most errant knave, whom nature has provided with both a pate as bare as wind-swept desert land and a mind as full of shallow witticisms and unappreciated gibes as that same desert is of sand. Encountered in the jester's company is a grey-haired, solemn-looking man, a former admiral of the fleet and now, as for many long years past, respected counsellor to the despot king himself. His wit is somewhat blunted, as is, at his age, apt to happen, but more of him I dare not write, for fear his sense of humour has likewise been affected. The buffoon and the wise man then converse, it seems, most freely, and to be gathered from their parle is one main fact: that namely to the sovereign has once or twice appeared a spirit most malignant, as Hernia known by name, which has his person with profound distraction so afflicted, as to cause avoidance of the public eye, in apprehension thereof that his seeming incapacity might rouse the peasant rabble to rebellion.

As the counsellor in affairs of state then thus relating, that certain melancholy figure, having, unobserved himself, perceived all, and being of the firm resolve to make full use, for vengeance overdue, of these uncertain circumstances just described, steps out from shadowy concealment, draws sharpened rapier and dagger keen, and runs him through, whiles, with voice both strident and hysterical, declaring that such deserves a rodent so defective and despicable. The poor, old man, who recognizes his assailant for one he had in certain matters once instructed, at first believes that all is but in jest and chuckles with amusement, then, realizing his mortal wound, falls down on hands and knees, and dies. The murderer departs thereon, a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes, his sombre mantle now thrown off, for nevermore will this vile knave, at least, have chance to sit in judgement on works of his and estimate, in his crude way, by smell he used to say, their literary worth.

To those, who may one day themselves in similar situation find, let then this story be a caution. No matter what may come your way, of it consider first the virtues, the vices last or not at all, and, if you have it not, assume a charitable frame of mind, that, in this way, no one should ever feel the urge to perforate your hide.

THE SEVEN DAY CYCLE

Monday, granite-heavy,
Lightens only at its end;
We push away from the starting block to

Tuesday, the second burden;
Monday's sunken right behind –
Ahead, there looms a boulder:

Wednesday, blessed silver sign,
Marks half the week's over;
We trudge, climb the next days, through

Thursday, the day we pass
With reveries of the week-end
That grow clearer as we focus on

Friday, the day we think only of finishing . . .
With renewed energy, we reach this plateau,
The fleeting, painless ecstasy that empties us into

Saturday, the recovery –
Battery packs recharged, rush us
Out of control over the edge, to

Sunday, the dark, hungry abyss;
The mancing shards of shattered dreams,
Thoughts/feelings of wasted time dumps us onto . . .

Michael Gabriel
Grade 11 B

LITTLE SISTER

Dream of me, little sister . . .

Yellow and red balloons and jelly beans
Suckers and ice cream cones I bought for you,

and the piece of my mind you took away with you,
Like a doll you treasured.

you were my little sister in some other life
wasn't it some other place . . . a happier place
aren't they your cheeks and calf's shiny brown eyes I remember?

I can see you deep within
A fresh, summer picture
I can find the memory of you

Can you find me in your dreams?

Michael Gabriel
Grade 11 B

ROXANNE'S WORLD

With your long, blue silk dresses, in Forties styles,
I see you Veronica Lakes in Discotheques, plying your feminine wiles;
Factory hand-painted dolls, wound up,
You walk, talk, all look the same – yet so different from anything else;
You appear in the summer and the fall in your own night-time world,
The only place where you exist at all . . .
The fragrant elegance of your shadow is reflected
By silvery

silvery puddles

On bright, moonlit nights –
No past or future, only the ethery present,
Breezy and delicate as rain drops clinging to an awning;
Till morning you rule your sacred rite,
But then, as always,
You pass from my sight.

Michael Gabriel
Grade 11 B

EXTRAITS DES MEMOIRES D'UN ELEPHANT

2 mars 1973

Je suis triste aujourd'hui. Maman est morte d'une crise cardiaque; elle a vu cinq ou six souris. Quand je l'ai entendue crier, je suis tombé de l'arbre où j'avais grimpé. Heureusement, je n'étais pas très haut.

15 mars 1973

Aujourd'hui alors que j'étais dans un arbre, j'ai vu un homme qui passait en dessous de moi avec un fusil à éléphant. J'ai sauté sur lui en le tuant.

16 mars 1973

(écrit par son père)

Le petit est mort aujourd'hui. Il est tombé de son arbre dans une rivière pleine de crocodiles. Je ne l'ai pas vu depuis cette catastrophe. J'ai déjà construit un monument en sa mémoire.

Chris Chapman

Grade 8 A

L'AUTOMNE PRES DE MONTREAL

Ici radio ABC, avec Jacques Moulin. Aujourd'hui, il fait froid. Hier, tout le monde portait des vêtements chauds. Le vent souffle à vingt milles à l'heure. Maintenant, Jean Coulin dans les Laurentides. . . .

Les feuilles sont ravissantes. Il y a des couleurs comme le brun, le jaune, et le rouge. Toutes les feuilles sont tombées. Il faisait froid, hier, ici. Il y a de la pluie maintenant, et de temps en temps on a de la pluie verglaçante. Maintenant, c'est Robert Martin avec les sports. . . .

Aujourd'hui, les Canadiens ont joué contre les Blackhawks et ils ont gagné. La victoire a mis les Canadiens à la première place du groupe. Les Alouettes ont gagné la Coupe Grey et c'est la deuxième année qu'ils ont gagné. Maintenant, Jacques veut dire quelque chose. . . .

Un garçon de six ans a été tué par les policiers. C'est la première fois qu'on a reçu la neige un octobre. Bonsoir et merci.

Ashvini Gursahaney

Grade 8 B

UNE PREMIERE EXPERIENCE CULINAIRE

J'étais dans la cuisine de ma mère. C'était la première fois que je faisais un gâteau. J'ai acheté les ingrédients et j'ai pris la farine, le beurre, et beaucoup de sucre. J'ai mis le gâteau dans le four et je suis allé au match de hockey. Trois heures après je suis rentré dans la maison et tout à coup j'ai entendu un grand boom! Je suis entré dans la cuisine et qu'est-ce que j'ai vu? Le gâteau était sur le plancher. J'ai lavé la cuisine et pendant deux ans, je n'ai plus fait d'autre gâteau.

Ashvini Gursahoney

Grade 8 B

ÊTRE UN CYCLISTE A MONTREAL

Je me promenais dans les rues sur ma bicyclette. Il venait d'avoir une grande pluie et il y avait de grands trous dans la rue. Un grand "Mack Truck" est venu près de moi. Il a passé dans un des grands trous près de moi, qui était plein d'eau et c'était comme le geyser "Old Faithful" au parc de Yellowstone. Le soleil se levait et en une demi-heure j'étais sec. Les rues étaient encore mouillées. J'ai descendu une grande pente quand j'ai vu une vieille dame avec ses provisions pour la semaine qui traversait la rue. J'ai essayé d'arrêter mais la route était trop glissante. Splat! La vieille dame était sur son derrière et ses provisions se promenaient sur la route. J'ai continué à grande vitesse et je suis arrivé au bord du St. Laurent. Il y avait une auto stationnée sur le côté de la rue. Je l'ai dépassée à grande vitesse quand une personne à l'intérieur, a ouvert la porte. Ma bicyclette a frappé la porte mais j'ai continué dans l'air. J'ai atterri dans le St. Laurent.

David Kredl

Grade 8 C

LES MEMOIRES D'UNE ARAIGNEE

Je suis né dans une toile de classe moyenne. Deux ans plus tard j'ai déménagé et je me suis bâti une toile à Montréal. Tout le monde de mon bloc aimait ma toile alors je suis devenu un constructeur.

Plus tard j'ai rencontré une femme merveilleuse; elle avait beaucoup de cheveux sur ses jambres; elle avait six gros yeux noirs et elle avait une forme magnifique. On s'est marié.

Ma femmen'aimait pas les enfants alors on en a eu seulement cent trois.

Cinq ans plus tard ma femme a été tuée; un garçon l'a écrasé. Maintenant je me suicide et je vais voir ma femme dans la grande toile dans le ciel.

Jean - François Chénier

Grade 8 C

QUAND J'ETAIS PETIT

Quand j'étais petit, je jouais au soccer tout le temps parce que j'aimais y jouer beaucoup. Je regardais les programmes de télévision quand il y avait un jeu de soccer. J'allais aux jeux de mon équipe favorite, Arsenal.

Quand j'étais petit, je travaillais très mal dans mon école. J'haïssais les professeurs, et ils me haïssais, aussi. Les mathématiques étaient le seul sujet que je faisais bien.

J'aimais voyager dans le métro parce que cela me fascinait. Lorsque j'avais deux ans, mon grand-père me prenait en promenade dans les trains. Le métro de Londres est le plus grand du monde.

Maintenant, toutes les choses que j'ai faites quand j'étais petit semblent très stupides, mais, probablement, quand j'aurai trente ans, les chose que je fais maintenant me sembleront aussi stupides et enfantines.

Andrew Briski

Grade 8 C

SUNDAY NOON

Sunday noon
 sunshine
Polishes the golden autumn birch.

A leaf
 tethered to a weathered stem,
Flutters in the breeze.

As the day fades,
Emptiness gathers in the limbs.

Joe Kirkpatrick
Grade 11 A

THE NIGHT

The sun had just set and the clouds were brightly and beautifully lit up as if they were bursting with colour. The light from the clouds created long, tree shadows – stretched out and sharp. The distant city added streaks of light which leaped toward the clouds. There was the moon, right in its place – mysteriously looking through the blackness. A breeze softly crackled the leaves.

Andrew Lewis
Grade 9 A

OUR CITY

The crown was actually an island, a volcanic projection emblazoned by its emerald, velvet diadem and a laurel-lined shore. Each tree was an individual gem in the triple tiara consisting of a mount on the west, another beyond, and the royal mount, like any coronet, held a cross. Circling east and west, trembling points of light moved over the shimmering waters of the laurel-crowned river and a lake between two mountains. A field of beacons emitted clear points of lucid light. The island's centre, with soaring skyscrapers, rose in an arch over the diamonds of snow, nearby, in the hallmark of majesty.

Arthur Hsu
Grade 9 A

DARK NIGHT

Footsteps were heard outside. At the far window, a hat on a head appeared. The pear-shaped bulk of the figure's head, with filament strands, was half-covered by a hat as large as a lamp shade.. By the time I reached the window, the figure was beyond the street light's reach, fading into the rising gloom.

Arthur Hsu
Grade 9 A

THE BRIDGE

The bridge stood in the waning light of early evening. Outlined against the setting sun, it was a celebration of iron and steel, a parabola of diverse alloys. Nothing marred its sweep, its flawless construction. But upon closer examination, the bridge was not so perfect. The iron was streaked with rust, stained with age and marred by time. But the bridge would not be remembered for its flaws, only for its ingenious construction and timelessness. But would it stay timeless?

Alfred Lemaitre
Grade 9 A

THE EARTHQUAKE

The city seemed as solid as rock. The earthquake changed everything. The ground yawned; the gleaming towers of plastic and steel, their veneer peeled off, stood shivering in the pale, diffused light. Seemingly inflexible, highly respectable, stone mansions dissolved like sandcastles under the tide and men who had spent half their lives behind a desk became screaming maniacs. It seemed that when the bark of civilization was stripped away, the heartwood of savagery remained.

Alfred Lemaitre
Grade 9 A

MISSILE

The missile stands proudly upon the launching pad like a mighty king seated upon his throne. Chrome-white steel conceals destructive powers which, unleashed could annihilate an entire race. A firm gust of liquid oxygen spurts from the side of the missile, poisoning the air. Men scurry under the colossus like ants, preparing this lance for battle. Seemingly by its own will, the missile rises on a cushion of smoke and fire, as if warning the enemy of its approach. The mighty king is about to deal a blow that will never be erased from the pages of history.

Kenneth Clark
Grade 9 A

AS A CHILD

As a child, I remember, I always loved the sea. Perhaps the sound of the caressing waves against the aching muscle of our world inspired me to these sentimental thoughts; perhaps, the sound of sweet-smelling sea-wind massaging the by-gone days of sail led me to the life of the wind and the waves. Maybe it was the lack of water in my native country that made me sit for hours on the beach as isolated in my natural world as a lighthouse on a barren sea-coast. It could have been the love of water that made me dream, sitting alone, impossible dreams of the honour and chivalry of water – honour for it never gave up without a fight; chivalry, for it never attacked without warning or reason. These romances of my childhood days still live on, but in the minds of other children.

Simon Lane
Grade 9 B

THE WAVE

Up, up, up reared the water like some monster from the depths; then, for a seemingly endless moment, it stayed. The crest sparkled like teeth – the gleaming white teeth of death; and as the wave glimmered in the light of the moon, I could see the reflections of stars like myriad, tiny eyes peering from the dark water. The water and the noise rose in unison to a crescendo; then, suddenly the water curled, broke, and thundered viciously down – its massive body writhing in its death throes. Then, as it bathed in its own spray, the undulating movement of water began again, even as it rested briefly before renewing its furious onslaught.

Simon Lane
Grade 9 B

THE COLLISION

Grey wraiths danced in the maritime burial ground and wrapped around the tug's faint diesel chug. Suddenly, a steel cliff punched a hole in the mist and hit the tug with the concentrated force of an axe striking a piece of dowl. One moment, the tug was there, and the next, there were three planks, a life preserver, and an ever-spreading patch of oil tossing on the faint swell. The steel cliff moved on and was soon hidden by the grey wraiths.

Alfred Lemaitre
Grade 9 A

WATER

The single, battered rock stood above all its compatriots just off the shoreline. The waves surrounded the monolith and washed it away, little by little. As the tide ebbed and flowed and pounded the rock, bits and pieces drifted away on the crests of turquoise waves. For millions of years, the rock answered, with mute silence, the repeated attempts to smash it. But it was Neptune's will to accost the rock with a slow and painful death. A tide ebbs, and another pebble is washed ashore to create a sandy beach, but nobody knows.

Colin McGregor
Grade 9 C

THE FISHERMAN

A left over sea of decaying fish
lies
Strung-out:

Helpless in the Fisherman's web of tangled
Thoughts.

Joe Kirkpatrick
Grade 11 A

DEADLINE

Strung out on a wharf
Ripped rotting nets lie
tangled with decaying fish.

Beside them,
a fisherman sits stringing
His life into the
endless squares.

Joe Kirkpatrick
Grade 11 A

THE TURTLE

The turtle is a tank living in the depths of the sea, ponderously crawling over the floor of its battlefield. He searches for enemies, but is constantly alert for predators who have the power and ability to crush his fragile armour. He is not a fast monster, but is powerful and sure of himself and knows where he can tread and where he dare not go.

Gordon Ballantyne
Grade 9 A

THE CRUISE

It was Monday morning and the boats were made ready to sail. This was the start of the yearly Wiano Yacht Club cruise. Provisions were stored below deck while the captains plotted their courses. Finally, all was set: the tanks were full, the gear was stowed, and the sails were ready to be hoisted. The three boats, all sloops thirty to forty feet long, cast off and set sail.

Soon the salt marshes of our home port were far behind and the powerful sails drew us out into the ocean. The boats pounded into the waves, the spray flying into people's faces.

The land had been out of sight for a long time when our destination, a small, deserted island, was sighted. Cold, wet and tired, we anchored the boats in a sheltered bay, had dinner and went to sleep. On a ridge stood a white lighthouse whose silhouette against the evening sky could be seen for miles around.

The next day we went ashore to explore the isle; it was covered by woods in the protected parts and by lonely, desolate moors. The beach was of fine, white sand and the water was clear and cold.

That afternoon, we sailed again for another island where we spent the night. The harbour was full of hippies – drinking, smoking pot, and going around town in their black cars, looking for trouble. Compared to our hometown, which was clean and respectable, this looked like hell; I was shocked.

The next morning while the seagulls were gliding resplendent in the sunshine, the billowing sails brought us to our destination.

Giovanni Galeotti

Grade 8 A

THE SEA

The sea is the most beautiful thing on the face of the earth – the sound of the waves is unique – the sound that the seagulls make is so appealing to the ears. The mammals of the sea are so fascinating and beautiful and the way the waves move is also fascinating and amazing.

At the approach of dawn, the water is very calm and one can hardly hear the waves; as the day progresses, the waves get bigger and louder; by dusk, the waves are monstrous and boisterous. The sound of the waves is so unique that it cannot even be reproduced. I find it remarkable that one day, the tide is high in the morning; whereas on another day the tide is low in the morning. This is one of the mysteries of the sea.

The seagulls are so beautiful; they fly over the beaches and ask for food with their calls. They also perch upon the jetties and remain 'singing' as they enjoy wonderful breezes.

The fish are the most fascinating. On one hand, a fish might live on the bottom of the sea and never rise to the surface; on the other hand, another species might swim on the surface and sometimes even jump above the surface. Some mammals, like the whale, can be as large as a small ship; however, others might be as small as my fist. I find this mysterious because there is not generally a very big difference in size between two humans.

I've wondered many times about the sea because there are so many unexplainable objects in the sea. I imagine many other people, and maybe even some oceanographers, have wondered about the sea.

Filip Papich
Grade 10 A

THE THREATENED

On the frozen, desolate Artic Sea, a lone figure, laden with a heavy burden, trudged slowly through the deep snow. Not far off in the distance, it spotted two white puffs, like cotton balls, framed in the blue of the sky. With a sneer from his grinning mouth, the man hurried off to his new destination.

The two white seals lay huddled in the snow, the little one close to its mother's side. As the great shadow of unexpected doom loomed closer like an eagle diving for its prey, their eyes quivered at the sight of their most feared enemy. Suddenly, the figure was beside them and the laughter of victory pierced the calmness of the frosty air. The man held a great, thick object in the air, high above the four helpless eyes staring up at him. A soft thud was heard, and soon, the tangy smell of fresh blood saturated the crisp, cold atmosphere. A while later, the great figure stalked away from a great patch of red snow, with a new, but precious burden on his shoulders. The small seal's coat was stained, and its eyes were crying red tears as it huddled against its mother's skinned carcass for warmth.

Halfway across the globe, a proud hunter sat in a great throne in his favorite room. His mouth grinning and his mind recalling many enjoyable memories, the man admired his treasures. Almost every square foot of the walls was covered with horns and stuffed animal heads, each recalling a new chapter of fantastic experience in the hunter's mind. The man then looked proudly at the mantelpiece which held his great rifle, that wonderful invention of man that gives us so much pleasure.

* * *

God created man and animals to live together in harmony on this earth. Now that man has greatly advanced in technology, he rules the globe. Man's new knowledge has enabled him to turn to other means of profit and enjoyment, like the killing of animals. For man is a strange animal, and for satisfaction, will go to strange extremes. Many species have been crushed under the feet of this advancing army, and many more lie at the mercy of his unique way of life. He has barbarically massacred animals for sport and for profit. If he does not preserve the earth's animal races, then, he himself will become extinct, not by the causes of the supernatural, but by Nature herself, as God created the animals to serve a specific purpose for man and his environment, without which, man cannot survive.

George Hedrei
Grade 10 A

HUNTING ANIMALS IS BARBAROUS

Animal life has suffered as man has made progress. The clearing of forests, the draining of swamps, the damming of rivers, and other steps taken for the development of agriculture, mining, and industry have been of great benefit to civilization when these activities were wisely planned. But, one of the bad results has been the disappearance of much animal life because of the destruction of natural homes. The plump passenger pigeon that used to be abundant in the eastern and mid-western United States can no longer be seen anywhere for the species is extinct. Only a few herds of buffalo remain. They are protected in national reserves and on private ranches. Today, most nations protect wildlife by laws that seek to preserve all of the useful species of land animal, bird, or fish. Not only is hunting barbarous, but it is also a threat to our environment, as I should like to point out in this essay.

Neanderthal man hunted strictly for food and survival, killing only what he needed. As man progressed, his hunting tools became more refined as they went from flint to steel, and even the bow and arrow. More animals were killed, but selectively, for food and clothing. As new tools were invented, man began to lose the importance of hunting for food and began the barbaric practice of hunting for sport and for money. Men with highly refined weapons maim, but do not kill any animal they see. These maimed animals suffer agonies for days before dying. This is sport?

In our society, women like to wear furs so we pay hunters to kill wild animals. The killing of leopard, tiger, and spotted cats became so indiscriminate that these animals reached the point of extinction. The barbaric methods in which these people hunt down these defenseless animals for money is shocking the world.

Men who know nothing about guns, and very little else, but have the money to buy them, go out to hunt and kill. They will see a mother deer giving birth to a fawn; they will shoot the deer and leave the defenseless one to fend for itself. It naturally dies, bringing gradual extinction to the breed. Others set inhuman, sadistic traps for unsuspecting animals. The agonizing pain these animals face from the multiple fractures is undescrivable while they live. Sometimes, they are not even taken from the traps for several weeks.

In conclusion, I should like to say that there are laws to protect humans, and there must be stronger laws to protect the animals from us. They call it the "art" of hunting, but since when is murder an art? In my opinion, the barbaric act of hunting without discretion or compassion must end.

Jeffrey Neumann
Grade 8 A

HUNTING ANIMALS IS BARBARIC

I feel strongly that hunting animals just for sport is barbaric. Hunting causes the extinction of many beautiful species of animals. In expressing my view, I should like to explain, first, what hunting has caused; second, I should like to explain the uselessness of hunting for sport; and last, what little protection animals have against man when being hunted.

As man has spread over the world, animals have been hunted and made extinct. One of the commonest birds, the passenger pigeon, was made extinct through man's fault. The passenger pigeon was slaughtered in thousands; and by 1897, there were about five thousand men as full-time passenger pigeon hunters. In 1894, the last passenger pigeon was killed. Other animals made extinct by hunting include the dodo and the great auk, which was once found in many parts of the North Atlantic Ocean. Now, animals are still being hunted and being brought to the verge of extinction. Some of these are the Javan and the Sumatran rhinos, the bison, and the blue whale. Because of its size, the blue whale has little chance for survival against man. Is this not barbaric to hunt animals and kill them all, leaving them just as memories of the past?

Many animals have been hunted just for enjoyment. One of these is the oryx, which was once found over a very large part of Arabia and the Middle East. With the development of the oil industry in the Middle East, wealthy sheiks hunted this animal with automatic rifles and in jeeps. Now, they are reduced to several hundred in the wild. The Javan and the Sumatran rhinos were killed just for their horns. What a waste this was! Is it not barbaric to kill animals for enjoyment or for a special part and leave the rest of the body with no use.

Animals have little protection against man and his weapons. The blue whale is hunted with a harpoon with an explosive head. Because of its size, it is easy to hit with this harpoon. Before the harpoon with the explosive end was invented, the whale had some chance of escaping, but now it has no protection. There are many other animals which have this problem also. Is this not barbaric to kill a defenseless animal?

In these three paragraphs, I have explained why I feel hunting animals for sport is barbaric. I have shown what it may cause, its uselessness, and how little protection the animals have. Doesn't this show how barbaric hunting is?

Oliver Mersereau
Grade 8 A

MUSHROOM CLOUDS FOREVER

Man is lost; his future's near.
His God's promise has made him fear.
His only relief is that he could hear . . .
Mushroom clouds forever.

There's seas of red and skies of green,
And many buried faces never to be seen.
Is this the life for human beings? . . .
Mushroom clouds forever.

Mushroom clouds now fill the skies;
Mushroom clouds are in every eye.
Mushroom clouds are everywhere.
How much of this can man bear? . . .
Mushroom clouds forever.

The earth is now still; there's not a sound.
Is this the earth that once turned round?
Man now lives in a gravel mound. . .
Mushroom clouds forever.
Mushroom clouds forever.

Peter Kyres
Grade 9 C

THOUGHT BY THE WAYSIDE

The smoke
 rose
 in wisps

 from the wreckage

emerged a disconcerting thought.
clear and transparent

glistening in the moonlight

laughed and twisted
 and was heard
 no more.

Herbie Martin
Grade 9 C

BLUES 2 INDIVIDUALITY

Don't you wish
you could be
just like me?
 just like me
 and everyone
 else?

Fit the mold;
try to be just like me.
 just like me
 never be
 alone.

And I say
right to you,
I like me;
you like you.
 always be
 yourself.

James Nadler
Grade 9 B



Oliver Mersereau
Grade 8 A



